THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 122 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1922.

BETTER THAN THEM ALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

A moderate share of wealth is good
To cheer us on our way,
For it has oftentimes the power
To make December, May:
And so is beauty, so is health,
Or genius at our call;
But a happy, careless, loving heart
Is better than them all.

A heart that gathers hope and faith
From every springing flower,
That smiles alike at winter storm
And gentle summer shower;
That blesses God for every good,
Or whether great or small;
Oh! a happy, hopeful, loving heart,
Is better than them all.

'Tis well to hold the wand of power,
Or wear an honored name,
And blush to hear the mighty world
Re-echo with our fame;
'Tis well it on our path the smiles
Of Kings and Nobles fall;
But to have a happy, trusting heart,
Is better than them all.

A heart that with the magic notes
Of music is beguiled;
A heart that loves the pleasant face
Of every little child;
That sideth weakness in distress,
And heareth duty's call;
Oh! such a loving, human heart,
Is better than them all.

Glen-Ellen, May 3rd, 1858.

Original Novelet.

FOUR IN HAND;

OR,

THE BEQUEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHOICE.

Philip Coniston had "finished his course" at Oxford with credit, if not with the highest honors, and was again at Wytham Court, with his uncle and his mother.

During his last term, the young Oxonian had been obliged to tax his powers to the utmost to bring himself up in branches in which he had fallen behind, in pursuit of his darling art-studies,—and thus duller men gained the prizes, and won the distinction which fond friends had believed within his grasp. He really cared little for the result—for his own sake, nothing, but by the ignorant-wise he was accounted indolent, as well as indifferent. It was said that had he been Thompson in the peach orchard, he would not only not have taken his hands from his pockets to pluck the fruit, but not even opened his mouth to catch it, when with complaisant ripeness it tumbled from the tree.

But the time had now come when he must avow his secret passion for art, and his choice of it as a profession for which, and by which, he was to live. His uncle Hugh was aware that he was a painter of occasional landscapes,—he had done several sketches of lake-scenery for the gallery of Wytham Court, and they had been graciously accepted and extravagantly praised as the work of a clever amateur, by the generous nabob, who never suspected Philip of serious designs upon art. It was not the profession he would have chosen for the son of his gallant nephew, though indeed he knew little of painting as a calling, and would certainly have fellowshiped and honored true artists anywhere.

At length the question of what he was to do next was plainly and seriously put to Philip, in the course of a quiet, after-dinner talk, when there were no visitors and Mrs. Coniston had left the table.

"Your father's profession is of course open to you, and with the influence which I think I could command, a good commission may be procured for you. What say you to it?" said the nabob, his keen, kindly eyes fixed upon Philip.

"I thank you, dear uncle, for your kind offer, but—I pray your pardon—I have no taste for the calling. It seems to me that the army has in a great measure lost its old, honorable, chivalric character, and is fast becoming the last resort of imbecility and profligacy—the profession of snobs, more than of gentlemen. The inventions of modern warfare—the monstrous engines of destruction with which men now contend like a race of Titans, lessen fearfully the chances for heroic deeds and knightly distinction. The time is doubtless coming when war will be merely a mechanic art, and the soldier a mere engineer. And then, to confess the truth, I doubt I am incapacitated for the profession, by a peculiar physical weakness, which used to distress my brave father, and which I have vainly striven to overcome. I have a deadly horror of blood—not alone of shedding it, but of the sight of it. I cannot see the slow drops ooze from the breast of a pheasant, without sickness,—and only last fall, when I was persuaded to join a hunt in Scotland, I actually, and to my eternal discredit, fainted at seeing the red swash, and hearing the sullen gurgle from the throat of a noble stag—though the beautiful hand of a beautiful woman held the knife."

"*Because*, rather than in spite of that fact, I should say. Ugh, the thought of it gives me a turn!"

"Perhaps so—but there was no question about the sweon—and after such an experience, I am sure you will admit that to conceal my—what shall I call it?—cowardice of the nerves, were a weakness yet more contemptible."

"Certainly, for that were moral cowardice, without a doubt. There is a wide difference between a physical antipathy of this kind and poltroonery. But I must say, my boy," added the merchant, with a sly smile, "that if this horror of blood really troubles you, I would advise you, by all means, to join our army—the Guards, for instance. You could no where be more safe from the sight of it. But let this pass. To speak truth, I have little desire to see you a 'soger,' that creature of the state, that galley-slave of Glory, liable at any time to be banished to the jungles of India, or like your poor father, to the savage wilds of America—or sent campaigning among the pestilence and barbarisms of the South Seas, or thrust away into some lonely African station—an exile which is like being swung over the edge of the planet, or plumped into chaos. Beside, our army is large enough—our scarlet coats redden the world like a perpetual sunset. What say you to the Law?"

"Why, that," said Philip, "to use a like poetical comparison, blackens the world like a perpetual thunder-cloud—the exhalations of human crime and wrong. It is, of all professions, the one most distasteful, most detestable to me. To be an advocate, is to hold one's self in readiness to prevaricate, plot and lie—to gild falsehood and to blacken truth—to plead against innocence, as well as to lay cunning snares for guilt—to palliate vice, defend crime, and establish injustice. In donning the judicial robes one must prepare to lay aside the most generous sympathies of humanity,—for the judicial wig and black cap, to lay down the crowning virtues of the Christian—mercy and charity. Is it not so? Is not our cumbrous and complicated legal system the most monstrous result and penalty of our civilization? Are not our Courts of Chancery worse than the Inquisitions of Spain and the Councils of Venice?—prolonging, as they do, indefinitely, the agonies of their victims—mocking with vain hopes, and maddening with delays?"

"Well, you put it rather strong—you make out law to be, instead of a broad-winged Protection, brooding over society, a very ugly sort of vampire, fattening on its blood."

"Precisely."

"Spoken like a poet, in the down of youth and the bonds of Shelley. Well, what next? you have rejected the casket of gold, and the casket of silver,—but the one of *lead* remains. I perceive by the high moral sentiments and conscientious scruples you express, that you are inclined to the clerical profession. I did not expect it, I must confess, but I am willing to give you a lift into a living, if it be in my power."

Philip blushed, and hastened to reply.

"You mistake, sir—I have no inclination toward the church. I am not fitted for the 'high profession spiritual.'"

"Sounds young man!" exclaimed Mr. Coniston, losing his temper at last. "You carry matters with a high hand. Better men than you have belonged to the clergy, I can tell you, sir!"

"Granted, my dear uncle, over and over again," replied Philip, laughing. "It is my honest reverence for the profession which is most in the way of my adopting it. I think that only great goodness and purity of heart, great strength and elevation of character, an abundant measure of hope, courage, and divine, self-immolating charity fit one for that mission of love and good works in which Christ and the Apostles led the way."

"Ah, I see you are thinking of primitive Christianity, of the ideal priesthood, not of our church and its—its—beneficiaries. '*Nous avons changé tout cela*'—But perhaps you are right. On the whole, I think you are, as you doubtless know best your own weakness and worthlessness. If the cloth can be dishonored, I wouldn't like you to do it. Now what else? Has the gentle art of healing any charms for you? Has Hygeia in 'gathering simples,' taken you captive? Have you compounded with Galen? But no, your horror of blood would come in here—unless, indeed, you should join the innocuous new school of that German mystic of medicine, Hahnemann. What's left? For Trade, I can myself see that you are wofully unfitted. You have, pardon me, neither the head, heart, nor body for the calling. Mercury would forever slip out of your grasp, without leaving a gift. So, what *is* left?—the Navy?—Diplomacy?—Politics?"

"I pray your mercy, no. The naval code is one unmitigated, unhumanizing oppression—ships of war are floating Newgates and chambers of torture. For the next proposition. I am as little fitted to figure at courts, as at the bar, or in the pulpit. Diplomacy is the calling of a butterfly, or a ferret. The diplomatist is but a higher sort of flunkey, or detective. As for the politician, he is only a desperate gambler, playing for power, with human liberties and rights. No—I have already chosen my profession, taken it, wived it, 'for better, or for worse.' It is *Art*. I would be a painter—nothing but a painter, Uncle Hugh."

Mr. Coniston looked at his nephew in wide-eyed astonishment, and uttered a breathless "God bless me!" After a moment's pause, he continued:

"Art! art! do you really expect to get on in the world by *that*?"

"I hope so, sir. I hope, at least, to get my living by painting."

"And a pretty living it is likely to be! I like fine pictures as well as any man, but I consider the making of them, as a profession, next to verse-making, which is next to nothing. Paint pictures colored like the rainbow, and enough of them to fill its arch, and it will not advance you in the world of man a step toward honor or power."

"Guido, Raphael, Titian, Buonarotti did not find it so,—and I am surprised to hear you, the most unworldly of men, arguing against the art they glorified, and were glorified by."

"There you are again! going back to the old masters, as just now you went back to Christ and the Apostles. I tell you it is different now—shamefully different. I am not speaking of things as they should be, but as they are. In our utilitarian age and country, Art is undergoing a Babylonish captivity, robbed of its old honors and state. Time was when artists were the flattered guests of kings and the companions of Popes—when wealth rained on them in a Danaean shower from the hands of the great. Now, rich parvenus look askance at them, and they sit below the salt at the tables of our insular nobility. Even our *dilettanti* young lords and fine ladies who dabble in paint, refuse to fellowship the masters of modern British Art—and our sweet young Queen (whom God save!) provides for them a second table, when they wait on her at Windsor, to execute her royal commands. It is better on the Continent—in France especially, but even there, they have outlived the spirit of the time when their princeliest prince graced his royalty by picking up and returning old Titian's mall-stick, and by pillowing on his breast the head of the dying Leonardo. With us it is the rule, peculiarly, I think, in regard to the landscape painter, that while his genius brightens the homes of the rich and the great, and lives along their walls in perpetual summer, the artist sits in the shadow of neglect and poverty.

"If you had made choice of portraiture, your prospects would have been somewhat brighter, for human vanity can always be depended on for obeying the primal command, upon canvas or in marble; beauties and little great men never got enough of themselves in this way. But as it is, I must say your 'divine Art' is a beggarly profession."

"Well, Uncle Hugh, if it be,—and I grant there is some truth in what you say of it, and of the unworthy estimation in which it is held,—the more bravery and disinterestedness in embracing it. I do not count on its helping me on in the world to any estate of luxury or power—to any height of social distinction—but the simple truth is, *I love it*, with all the strength of my nature, with at least all the passion of my *intellect*, and that love is its 'own exceeding great reward.' Better failure and poverty *with* my art, than success and wealth without it."

"Ah, so you say now—but no man knows even the little world of himself, at twenty-two. Yet I see it is useless to argue with you. You are as completely set as the monument. And perhaps I have been weak in cherishing for you impracticable worldly hopes and projects. I wanted you to be all I might have been, and more. I wanted you to be a distinguished man, Philip—to ennoble truly the name of Coniston; not only by an honorable character, but by great words, or deeds. You need not laugh! My plans were not very definite, I confess, and such as they were, it is useless to dwell on them now. I really thought you uncommonly clever, and believed you able to command a great destiny, by the mastership of genius, in some way; and perhaps, after all, you have chosen the right way. What does your guardian, Sir Ralph, say to it?"

"Oh, he objected, of course, in his cold, supernal way; but did not offer to assist me in any other profession. His guardianship, or patronage, expired by limitation, the day I left Oxford."

"Ah, yes. Well, what says your mother?"

"She was disappointed and troubled at first, but has become quite reconciled. Doubtless she already sees in her boy a formidable rival of Rembrandt and Claude."

"Well, if she consents, I yield. Where do you intend to establish yourself?"

"In London at first—chiefly for the sake of the studies in the galleries there."

"Oh, of course,—all young adventurers, from Dick Whittington down, or up, to Chatterton, must go to London to seek their fortunes. But while you are in the witness-box, one more question: Have you any claim on the house of Baring Brothers?"

"None whatever," replied Philip, coloring painfully. "I have, of course, no money of my own, but my mother has a small sum laid by from her pension, which—"

"Which you shall not accept from her. I insist on being your banker, for the present, at least. When you get those orders for the Corridor at Windsor, you can repay me, you know. On what sum can you live respectably for a year, independent of the possible sale of your wares?"

"I think, sir, I could live upon an hundred pounds very well."

"You are disposed to be very frugal. I like it, but nevertheless I will provide you with double that sum, and you must promise to let me know if this be found insufficient, for you must not be driven, by necessity, in the shape of a landlord or tailor, to sacrifice any of those pictures which are to be—those delicious moonlight scenes which glimmer in your dreams—those fiery sunsets you burn to paint. When do you wish to go?"

"At once—to-morrow, if you will permit."

"Oh, no, not so soon. I look for your cousin Vesta Lancaster shortly. You will stay to see her, surely?"

"Pardon. I think I had better not delay entering upon my work. If Miss Lancaster comes, you can well spare me; my place will be more than filled, and, for various reasons, I had better go at once."

"Ah, well," replied the nabob, some idea of Philip's heart affair, for the first time, flashing across his mind, "as I have begun to give way to you this morning, I suppose I must let you go the length of your tether. You shall set out for London as soon as you will, provided you promise to come back to me at the end of the year, and report frankly just how you get on with your divine mistress, and how you like her upon a closer acquaintance. If your passion continues undiminished, we'll have you married to her in form, and handsomely established; till then, we must consider you as only betrothed."

"My dear uncle, I have no words to thank you for your great kindness."

"Then don't try, my dear boy—only follow out the bent of your genius to your heart's content, take care of yourself and be as happy as you can, in your art-exile. And look here, my dear fellow, whether thou 'put money in thy purse,' and R. A. after thy name, or no, put flesh on thy bones, if possible, and above all, put off that confounded consumptive stoop."

When Hugh Coniston took leave of his nephew, he placed in his hand a small sealed packet, which Philip opened in the carriage that conveyed him to the station. He found it to contain several letters of introduction to people of distinction in London—bank-notes for two-hundred pounds, and a brief letter of kindly advice.

In regard to art, Mr. Coniston wrote:—"Don't study Claude too much, if you mean to paint English landscapes. He is the most seductive of painters. His coloring intoxicates like wine,—but his voluptuous golden atmosphere is foreign to us—and I think unapproachable by us. All the imitations I have seen have a sickly, sultry tone, instead of that fine aerial gold which bathes his pictures.

"It were better worth your while to study our own Turner. He interprets the genius of the North. You remember that simple rural landscape in the library. That to me contains the soul of an English summer—is an epitome of all Nature. A small stream—a rustic bridge, a few trees, a bit of sky, a mossy stone or two, are all the show it makes, but there is infinitely more in it than is painted. The water drips and gurgles, the tree seems painted down to the heart—the sky up to the stars—your eye sinks deep into the soft green of the moss; and then, through that faint, transparent haze, the ghost of a northern mist, the whole picture is as deliciously cool as the lap of a dell on Windermere.

"Turner's pictures are to me the most real things in modern art;—not because they are the most close and cunning copies of Nature in its every-day aspects and actualities—but because unerringly true to its primal principles. Turner deals with the *essence* of Nature, and his pictures, like free translations, are often truest to the spirit of the original, when departing most widely from forms and overlooking details. Study him all you will,—but above all, keep clear of the Dutch school. That is not art, but mimicry."

Philip's life in London was one of profound and uninterrupted devotion to his art. He lived obscurely and frugally, on less than the limited allowance of his uncle—he presented no letters, sought the acquaintance of no artists, and visited no studios, though he frequented all the galleries to which he had access. Fuseli was no longer painting his wierd, tremendous pictures, but Martin was evolving from the seething elements of his genius, his vague vastnesses, his grandeurs and terrors and destructions, his misty heavens and Miltonic hells. Haydon was wielding his titanic brush, Turner tumbling real waves across the canvas, painting the earth as "good" as God left it, and transcendent skies; and Wilkie making the great world weep and laugh with homely, peasant griefs and joys. But Philip, who might have known all these, sought none of them. He resolved to toil on for a time, at least, without aid, or counsel—to know not what others were doing, and to allow no one to behold, or criticize the work on his hands. He finished three small landscapes in the course of the winter, two of which he exhibited in the spring. But when at the opening of the R. A. exhibition, full of hope and exultation, he sought out the pictures which had apparently been accepted without hesitation, he had the measureless mortification to find that they had been hung so high that all his delicate, loving touches were lost. The light was wretched, falling in such a way as to give them a spotted, dauby, chaotic look, quite maddening to the poor unfriended artist, who remonstrated with the committee in vain. As well might a miserable criminal remonstrate with the respectable hanging authorities of Newgate about the mode in which he should be swung off.

Thus and so being the case, Philip had little reason to wonder that his pictures attracted little notice from connoisseurs, and were scarcely mentioned by the critics of the press. One journal curtly dismissed them thus: "*Numbers 352 and 253 cannot be seen.*"

Yet oddly enough, the ill-used, ever-looked, or *under*-looked landscapes were both purchased, at the artist's first price, not a very modest one, at an early day of the exhibition, by a stranger—a certain, or rather uncertain elderly gentleman, who looked like a steward, or agent, who evidently did not purchase them for himself, but declined to name his principal. In his own mind, Philip had little doubt but that his pictures were destined to a more honorable place in the gallery of Wytham Court—but on writing his suspicions to his uncle, he was stoutly assured that such was not the fact. "I was not so selfish," wrote the nabob, with some archness, "as to catch them up at once, and allow no other picture-fanciers a chance at them. Doubtless they are very fine. London must be a grand place to paint landscapes in. But I forget you took all your sketches from Nature and only worked them out in town—beholding by the clairvoyance of genius, country-atmosphere through miles of solid brick and stone, country skies through a dome of smoke and a wet blanket of fog."

In this letter, Mr. Coniston informed the young painter of some circumstances and events which had only in part come to his knowledge through the public journals. The Dowager Countess of Egerton died at her town house in Portman Square, in the early spring. With the exception of a few trifling legacies, her property had been left without reservation, to her grand-daughter, Vesta Lancaster, who, after a few weeks spent in the family of the Earl of Egerton, had chosen her mother's uncle, Hugh Coniston, as her guardian, and Wytham Court as her home, during the remainder of her minority.

The gentle-hearted old man thus wrote of the new home-happiness and brightness which Vesta's coming had brought to his grand, desolate mansion. "She always came like a bird from the tropics, bringing warmth and beauty and melody—but she flitted away so soon, leaving shadow, cold and silence. Now I have caged her—I can watch her hour after hour, and the house overflows with her music. Her gentle companionship is unlooked-for compensation for much of sadness and deprivation in the years gone by,—it is an unexpected blossoming of summer flowers very late in the autumn—a bright, relenting burst of sunlight on a leaden evening sky."

Ah, the old man's words were truer than he thought!

When Philip laid down that letter, it was to exclaim—"Oh, farther off—still farther off, more utterly unattainable!"

Philip had seen his Cousin Vesta several times since he came to London, and previous to the death of her grand-mamma, but always in public, and "standing afar off." Now riding in the Park, now in her box at the opera, now at church, barred away from plebeian sinners by the high partition wall of Lady Egerton's pew. Once, however, he had a near view of her, as she came down the steps of the house in Portman Square, and entered her carriage. She was probably going to the opera, the only place of fashionable amusement which she frequented,—and Philip standing quite unobserved in the shadow of the wall, saw that she was dressed in white, and that she wore crimson roses in her hair. The dress was rich silk, and lace, not girlish muslin any longer, but the flowers were natural. The scent of them floated to Philip where he stood—it followed him home, through the lonely, misty streets, and haunted his dreams all night.

CHAPTER VIII.

HUGH CONISTON'S CHRISTMAS.

Early in the December of this year, Hugh Coniston wrote to the young artist—

"Come to us for the Christmas holidays, without fail. We are to have a great family gathering of all the Conistons and Ashursts, my mother's family—I shall be able to muster in the United Kingdom. They have all promised to be here by the 23rd,—but you must not be so late. Come now—by the next train, if possible,—the sooner the better. I now feel that I really have a *home*—not merely a bachelor's hotel, to invite you to. I am impatient to have you see what a graceful and gracious hostess I have, in Vesta."

To this letter, after a brief struggle between inclination and pride, Philip replied with an excuse—saying that he feared that pressing engagements would prevent him from being at Wytham Court any sooner than the other guests;—and for this, he never forgave himself.

When the young artist finally arrived at his uncle's house, he saw by the unusual number of lighted windows, raying out hospitality and Christmas jollity upon the early dark of a stormy winter night, that the other expected guests were all there before him. But late-comer as he was, his welcome was no less glad and kindly. His uncle received him at the door—not only with the hearty English hand-shake, but with an embrace, after the beautiful German custom at Christmas-time. The next instant his mother's arms were around his neck, her beautiful, joy-brimmed eyes and her soft, yearning lips raised to his. Then came Vesta, with a blush and a smile, and a frankly extended hand, and the tone in which she said "Philip," was equal to a kiss of welcome.

At dinner, Philip was amazed at the number of kinsfolk he encountered, Conistons and Ashursts of whom he had barely heard—Conistons and Ashursts of whom he had never heard; country gentlemen and their portly dames—thin barristers, and stout curates—bachelors, spinsters, gentle, blushing school-girls, and ungentle, blushing school-boys. He was presented to, and shook hands with all these—confessing now and then, as, for instance, when the hand-touch was soft and timid, or the grasp frank and manly, to a somewhat pleasurable tingling of kindred blood.

Philip was troubled to see his mother looking somewhat pale and worn. Her aged parents were becoming daily more infirm, and the care of them and of the household pressed too heavily upon her. But she revived wonderfully in the presence of her darling, her "boy," from whom she had never before been so long separated—for she had not seen him since he began his lonely art-life in London.

Christmas Eve was kept in the good old way at Wytham Court—all its gracious time honored customs were observed—quaint, half-forgotten pastimes were revived and all was mirth, good-cheer and good-fellowship. The genial, generous spirit of the host, seemed to touch into temporary life, mysterious affinities latent in kindred blood, and to harmonize for the hour, characters the most dissimilar and hopelessly unsympathetic. Even Lady Coniston, of Coniston Hall, became gracious to the daughter of the apothecary of Woolham; and her son, Harold Coniston, Esq., got on very well with his cousin, the painter.

Vesta Lancaster was still in mourning, but she ventured to wear one festal red rose in her hair.

Philip could not doubt but that this was in remembrance of an eventful Christmas long ago—but he was at a loss to decide whether it evinced rare poetic sentiment and womanly constancy, or the refinement of delicate coquetry; and after the way of his self-tormenting spirit, he finally accepted the latter solution.

Philip ever after remembered his uncle as he last saw him, that Christmas Eve—standing in the great gothic hall, before the wide, old-fashioned hearth, on which the yule-log was now fast wasting to ashes—bidding his guests good-night, with hearty grasps of the hand, and wishing them all good and happiness, in the Lord's dear name. He remembered the words, the tone of the good-night, and the blessing that fell to his share—the lingering hand-clasp, and the proud, protective look of the clear, dark eyes, yet undimmed by age. And Vesta remembered her blessing, the fond pet-name, and the tender, reverential kiss which followed it.

On Christmas morning, the guests met in the breakfast parlor, at a late hour—yet to the surprise of every one, their host, a habitual early-riser, careful and exact to punctiliousness in all the duties and forms of hospitality, was not there to receive them. All too soon, however, the mystery was explained, in a startling and melancholy manner. Mr. Coniston had been found in his bed, in a state of utter insensibility, from which no efforts availed to arouse him. His physician had been summoned, and was now with him.

The most painful excitement prevailed throughout the household—grief and anxious foreboding taking the place of the joy and gaiety of the preceding night.

Dr. Grey, on leaving the chamber of his patient, reported him as suffering from a severe paralytic shock—as apparently restored to consciousness, though still speechless. He confirmed the saddest fears of friends and relatives. Mr. Coniston might not live throughout the day, though it was possible that he might linger for several days. It was the second or third attack, and without doubt, a fatal one.

All the guests and household of the noble old man were allowed to visit him in his chamber. They stole in softly, looked at their friend—some taking his already lifeless hand, and speaking a few words, low with awe and sorrow—then silently passed out. All the servants were observed to be in tears. One of these, a hard, strong man, who had been rescued from ways of sin and wretchedness by the pure human kindness and faith of his master, now knelt at his bedside, kissed his hand and wept over it, like a grieved child, or a sinful woman.

It was evident that the dying man knew them all, though his soul, bound and imprisoned in silence, "gave no sign," save through the eye, which looked benedictions and farewells.

Mrs. Coniston, Philip and Vesta, were all with him during the greater part of the day, vying with one another in gentle and loving ministrations.

Once, as the young artist and his cousin were standing together at the bedside of the beloved old man, he looked from Philip to Vesta, and from Vesta to Philip, with a tenderness and a meaning which transcended all words. It was a look which each felt profoundly, sounding the hidden depths of the heart, yet which neither dared to interpret.

Just at sunset, on the day of his Lord's birth, Hugh Coniston was born into the life of the blessed. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ BRIGHT BOY.—Not long since, some ladies walking in the garden of an eminent divine, who has been classed among the transcendentalists, saw his little boy scraping up the gravel path with an old table spoon. "What are you doing, my little boy?" inquired one of the ladies. "Oh," said the young offshoot of transcendentalism, "I'm digging after the infinite."—*N. Y. Post.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—and cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WAR PATH. We have not the papers desired.

Respectfully declined:—"Lines to a Young Lady;" "A Sunset View;" "Remembrance;" "Life;" "The Barque of Love;" "Stray Thoughts."

THE LAST EXCITEMENT.

The reports brought by various American vessels in relation to visits—some of a compulsory character—from British cruisers, off the coast of Cuba, have created much excitement. Judging from the inflammatory tone of many of our editorial brethren, War is already freely alluded to as a probable result, and the annexation of Cuba as a not very improbable corollary. For ourselves, finding as we do an occasional streak of gray in our hair and whiskers, we feel it best to take such matters a little more coolly and deliberately—and to wait until we have investigated somewhat the state of the facts, before "flying off the handle" of our recent good feeling towards our English cousins. The Scriptures inculcate the duty of "being slow to wrath;" and such slowness, although it may seem almost unpardonable to some of our "fast men" in this "fast age," still strikes us as being conformable to the dictates of true worldly wisdom, as well as of Revelation.

It is evident so far, in reading the various statements and articles of the daily press, that two subjects are almost invariably confounded by our people—we allude to the Right of Visitation and the Right of Search. The Right of Search, under suspicious circumstances, is, we believe, a disputed principle of that rather uncertain code, the Law of Nations. Several of our statesmen, occupying high official positions, have, on various occasions, taken strong ground against any exercise of the Right of Search, under any circumstances. But the nation, speaking through its authorized representatives, has never, if we are correctly informed, taken ground against the Right of Search in itself—so much as against its exercise to attain certain ends which were considered of themselves violations of the laws of nations. For instance, in the second war with Great Britain, that power claimed the Right to search American vessels, in order to ascertain whether any sailors were aboard who owed allegiance, as she considered it, to the British crown. The English sailors, many of them, preferred the American service—and England claimed the right to search even our national vessels, examine into the nativity of the men, and carry off all deserters from her own marine. Against the Right of Search for such an object, the second war with Great Britain was fought—and although England did not formally renounce her obnoxious claim in the Treaty of Peace, she has ever since renounced the practice so far as we were concerned. Against any renewal of such a practice, she would find the United States banded as one man.

But the Right of Visitation is a very different thing from the Right of Search. As the ocean belongs to nobody in particular, but to everybody in general, no one nation can be authorized to take measures for the suppression of piratical offences, to the exclusion of the rest of the world. Therefore, all pirates, of whatever nation, have been held to be outlaws, to be summarily dealt with by the armed vessels and legal authorities of whatever power might be able to apprehend them. But a pirate does not confine himself to his own blood-red flag—he uses the flag of any nation, as may best serve his turn. Supposing therefore an American cruiser learns that some piratical craft is committing great depredations and heinous outrages in a certain neighborhood. She sails there—and, cruising about, spies at length a suspicious vessel, but with the Spanish flag flying. If she have no right to order that suspicious vessel to lie to, until she can be visited, and her papers examined, to see whether she have, or have not, a right to use the flag in question, what folly it would be to attempt to capture a pirate at all. Any suspicious customer would have nothing to do but to raise some flag which she would be morally certain could have no cruiser in the vicinity—some Prussian, Italian or Austrian flag, for instance—and she would go scot free. In fact, to totally deny the Right of Visitation, would be to give the wide ocean up to piracy and murder.

That it is often unpleasant for an innocent captain to be visited at sea, to ascertain whether he is an honest trader or not, is doubtless true. It is unpleasant on land, for an innocent individual to be arrested on suspicion of having committed some grave offence, and perhaps be further subjected to grievous expense and even imprisonment, before his innocency is established. Many unpleasant things have to be submitted to by honest men—or else rogues be allowed to commit crime with impunity.

But though the Right of Visitation seems to us an undeniable right, the Visitor of course must exercise his right with all due care, respect, and courtesy. Neither must he use said Right uselessly, to annoy vessels the character of which he well knows without a visit. He must be able to show probable grounds of suspicion, or else his visit, instead of a Right, is an Injury and an Insult. To determine therefore, the character of any disputed Visitation, requires an accurate ascertainment of the true facts of the case.

To return to the Right of Search. Our readers will see at once, how it often would naturally grow out of the Right of Visitation. A vessel supposed to be piratical is visited—but papers are produced, apparently showing her to be an honest trader, engaged in lawful commerce. But said papers themselves may have a suspicious aspect. Therefore it is urged, by those who contend for the Right of Search, that it would be ridiculous to allow such a vessel to pass under her forged or fraudulent papers, when a ten minutes' examination of the vessel herself, would decide beyond all doubt whether she was what her papers represented her to be, or a piratical craft, carrying no freight save a numerous crew, with cutlasses, boarding-pikes and cannon. In fact, so strong is this argument, based upon a practical, common-sense view of the case, that we doubt whether the Right of Search would ever have been called in question, had it not been for its being coupled, as in the case of our dispute with Great Britain in 1812, with other doctrines and practices of the most unbearable and unjustifiable character.

As it is, the Right of Search is naturally odious to American ears; and, therefore, when the question of the suppression of the Slave Trade came up, our Government agreed to keep a sufficient force on the coast of Africa to do the police-work of those seas on all vessels bearing the American flag, without any *assistance* from the British cruisers. Under that agreement, the British have, we believe, confined themselves to the Right of Visitation, so far as suspicious vessels carrying the American flag were concerned, in order to see whether the papers of said vessels were apparently right, without any attempt at making a further investigation into their character. And, so far as we have noticed, in the recent occurrences off the coast of Cuba, no attempt to *search* an American vessel has been made. The disputed point of the Right of Search in the case of a supposed slaver, has been virtually yielded by England, so far as the United States is concerned. In the case of a supposed piratical vessel, we believe no agreement has yet been made.

If the Right of Visitation—unobjectionable as it is in itself, and absolutely necessary as we have shown it to be, for the safety of the seas—be used, however, in a wanton, unnecessary and discourteous manner—and it is thus alleged to have been recently used by the British cruisers—it of course may become, like any other practice, highly offensive and objectionable. We are pleased, therefore, that our government has taken immediate steps to call the attention of the English Ministry to this matter. Even the shaking-of-hands, an act of greeting and amity, may be performed in such a manner as to become an injury and an insult. And it may be that some English officials, not particularly well-affected to the United States, are taking an advantage of their instructions which their superiors had not dreamed of. If so, the sooner the matter is brought before the attention of those high in power, the better for the good understanding of the two countries. In the meantime, by repressing the fires of our wrath a little, we shall have a larger supply left, if the emergency should prove to be such that nothing will satisfy it, but to

"Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war!"

HOT BREAD.

Dr. John S. Bunting, after experimenting with the famous Alexis St. Martin—who, owing to a bullet wound, has a hole in his his stomach through which all the processes of digestion can be observed—writes as follows relative to hot bread:—

"Hot bread never digests. Bear this in mind, reader, if you are accustomed to eat the light and tempting biscuit at tea, or the warm loaf which looks so appetizing upon your dinner table. Hot bread never digests at all: after a long season of tumbling and working about in the stomach, it will begin to ferment, and it will eventually be passed out of the stomach as an unwelcome tenant of that delicate organ, but never digests—never becomes assimilated to or absorbed by the organs that appropriate nutrition to the body. It is a first rate dyspepsia producer. The above is truth, as it has been repeatedly proved from actual observation through the side of Alexis St. Martin."

We think that the evidence relied on by Dr. Bunting, though certainly very strong, is not entirely conclusive. For we all know that a given article of food may disagree with one man very much, and yet agree perfectly with another. Now there is a possibility that Mr. St. Martin's stomach may differ from the stomachs of men in general, so far as hot bread, and certain other articles of diet, are concerned. It seems to us that if it were true of all men, that their stomachs could not digest "light and tempting biscuits," "warm loaves," &c., "at all," that such things would be far less popular than they are for the table. There are men who cannot eat such simple articles as apples, strawberries, &c., without very unpleasant consequences—and yet it would not follow from a glance into their stomachs, that apples and strawberries disagreed with everybody. Dr. Bunting must be careful not to rear too wide an edifice of conclusions upon such a narrow base as one man's digestion, else the whole may topple over.

THE pigeon-roost in Decatur county, Indiana, extends over a distance of twenty-eight miles. It is about fourteen miles wide. The birds have not nested at this roost for thirty years until this spring. Over this vast extent of country every tree has from ten to fifteen nests, and every nest at least one bird. The young are now hardly able to fly, and the shooting is mere slaughter. The old birds leave early in the morning in search of food, and return in the evening.

We trust the above sprinkling of pigeons will remain in Indiana until it is ascertained whether the Texas grasshoppers, or rather locusts, are coming up this way. We know no better remedy for one plague than the other.

THE MORMONS.

The news from Utah to the effect that Brigham Young had abdicated his usurped Governorship, and that Governor Cummings had been invited to Salt Lake City for the purpose of exercising his official functions, appears to be confirmed, though the Government, at the time we write this, has received no reliable information to that effect. It is generally understood that the arrangement that has been made, whatever it may prove to be, is the work of Col. T. L. Kane, of this city—a brother of Dr. Kane—who visited the Mormons some years since at Nauvoo, and sympathized with their reputed injuries very warmly. In fact, a correspondent of the *Washington Union*, goes so far as to say that Col. Kane is himself a Mormon—a statement which we take it for granted is erroneous. In relation to this whole matter, the *Washington Union* says, in a recent editorial:—

It is hardly necessary to say that we distrust the telegraph news, which announces the capitulation of the Mormons, and the establishment of peace in Utah. It is not improbable that Mr. Kane, who is but a private person, having no commission of any sort from the Government, has succeeded, through his mysterious personal relations with the Mormons, in inducing that people to invite Governor Cummings to Salt Lake City, and to recognize his official authority. If this be so, and Governor Cummings has actually proceeded to the Mormon City, some armistice or truce may hereafter result from his presence in the city: but it is altogether improbable that the war has come to the sudden and abrupt termination announced by the telegraph.

These advices, through private channels, it must be remembered, are unaccompanied, as usual, by concurrent advices through official channels; for no confirmation has been received of them by the Government.

The late period of the session of Congress, and the effect which such news might naturally have upon bills before that body making provision for prosecuting the military operations in Utah, furnishes an additional reason to distrust this suspicious news, and for exercising great caution in respect to all advices of the same character which reach here at this time through Mormon channels.

The Washington correspondent of the *North American*, of this city, says, relative to Col. Kane's visit to Utah:—

When Col. Kane determined to visit that territory, he came to Washington, and informed the President of his purpose, but without developing any plan, or expecting any agency. The President strove to dissuade him from the self-imposed perils of such a journey, but finding him resolute in the intention, he then gave him a general letter of consideration, which was intended to secure the recognition of the officers of Government where he might go, and their protection if necessary, in the event of danger. It was nothing more than an expression of personal courtesy and attention. Considering the relations which formerly subsisted between Col. Kane and some of the Mormon leaders, it is not improbable if any arrangement has been effected, as the telegraph reports, that he has been serviceable and instrumental in achieving it. But not being in the employment of Government in any capacity whatever, no intelligence has been received from him, and none is expected.

It is probable that the exact nature of the arrangement that has been made, will not be known until the return of Col. Kane, which may be before many days. But we are glad to see it stated, that, in no event, will the advance of the troops upon Salt Lake city be countermanded. It is designed, it is said, to establish a military depot at that place, with a sufficient number of men to protect the emigrants on their passage across the plains, and to insure the respect of the Indian tribes.

If the Mormons have resolved to submit to the laws of the United States, the presence of a military force will be rather welcome to them than otherwise, on account of the distribution that it will cause of more or less of Uncle Sam's borrowed money among them—while, if their present action be merely designed as a ruse, and their rebellious spirit be as fierce and strong as ever, Governor Cummings will need something more than a "posse comitatus" before the first year of his administration is over. For these reasons it is to be hoped that Congress will authorize the necessary outlays for the continuance of the military operations in that section, in case they should be needed, without regard to the tenor of these recent advices.

HORSE TAMING.

The *Scientific American* proposes the following "new" system of taming—though it is not entirely new even to the Atlantic public, as it was recommended in the papers many years ago. Mr. Rarey is said to be making his fortune by his system, which he does not hesitate to admit has for its key some secret process, though he denies that any of the guesses made have disclosed the truth. The *American* says:

This new system of taming is founded on the well known process employed in subduing buffalo calves and wild horses taken by the lasso, and consists in simply gradually advancing toward the horse to be subdued, until you are able to place your hand on the animal's nose and over his eyes, and then to breathe strongly and gently, as judgment may dictate, into the nostrils. We have the authority of Catlin, in his "Letters and Notes on the American Indians," that this process is the one practised by the Indians in taming the wild horses of the prairies, and that it is invariably attended with success. It is mentioned by him that it is breathing, not blowing, into the nostrils that is to be performed, and that it ought to be continued some time to ensure success.

Speaking of the astonishing power thus exercised over wild animals, Catlin says:—

"I have often, in concurrence with a known custom of the country, held my hands over the eyes of a buffalo calf, and breathed a few strong breaths into his nostrils, after which I have, with my travelling companions, rode several miles into our encampment, with the little prisoner busily following the heels of my horse the whole way, as closely and affectionately as its instinct would attach it to its dam. This is one of the most extraordinary things I have witnessed since I came into this wild country; and although I had often heard of it, and felt unable exactly to believe it, I am now willing to bear testimony to the fact, from the numerous instances which I have witnessed, since I came into the country."

☞ The plagiarism from Hazlitt of which Governor Wise, of Virginia, was accused by the Richmond Whig, is said to be nothing more than "a blunder of the printer in misplacing quotation marks."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 172—Adults 94, and children 78

PROUDHON'S IDEA OF WOMAN.

The French socialist and "red republican," Proudhon—originator of the famous, or rather infamous maxim, that "property is robbery"—takes a very disparaging view of "the better half of creation," in his late work, which was suppressed soon after its publication in Paris. He says, as we learn from a correspondent of the *Evening Bulletin*:—

"Woman in herself can form no category: she is capable, up to a certain point, of receiving an idea and of following its deductions; she never generalizes, never is capable of synthesis. Her mind is antimetaphysical. As Daniel Stern says, if she has an idea, it is by some lucky chance, an accident, of which she herself can not give the demonstration, the reason. The result of this is that a woman is incapable of producing a regular composition, even though it be but a novel. She can only seize analogies; she makes a sort of marquetry of impromptus; she composes medleys and monstrosities. In conversation she does not take in the whole sense of her interlocutor's discourse—she only replies to his last word. For the same reason she lacks critical power; she can make an epigram, say a witty or satirical thing, she succeeds in mimicry; she can neither give a reason for, or form a judgment. Her reason, like the eyes of Venus, squints. I am willing to believe that woman has largely contributed her share to the vocabulary of languages; but she did not create the words that express abstract ideas, such as *substance, cause, time, space, quantity, &c*: neither did she create grammatical rules and particles, any more than she invented arithmetic and algebra.

"In a woman's book one can always separate and recognize what is her own from the borrowings, imitations, common-places and gleanings: unless nature changes her laws, I can say that the residue will always be found to consist of lively nothings, without a particle of philosophy."

M. Proudhon, whom we dare not follow in all his very plain and crude expressions, continues in this severe and unexceptuing manner to deny to woman *anything definite, the shadow of a conception, any power of analogy, of synthesis. "To the common capital of ideas she contributes nothing;"* he calls her a "*passive being, whose conversation, like her caresses, wears and exhausts you.*" "He who would preserve whole his strength of mind and body must fly from her; she is murderous."

One might readily suppose, from the disparaging tone of the above remarks, and the writer's apparent dislike to having anything to do with the female sex, that M. Proudhon had no mother at all—but came into the world, as certain atheistic philosophers of somewhat similar stamp have phrased it, "by the fortuitous concourse of atoms." If, however, this be an impossible supposition, we might be tempted almost to admit that M. Proudhon himself is a proof of the *partial* truth of one of his own assertions relative to woman—"she is incapable of producing a regular composition—she composes (sometimes) medleys and monstrosities."

Such opinions as we have quoted are doubly censurable as coming from France, where, if we may be allowed a hibernicism, perhaps the noblest men that have ever lived were women—witness Joan d'Arc, Madame Roland, and Charlotte Corday.

☞ The "City Item" says that there is talk of remodelling the Academy of Music—our Opera House—and turning it into an hotel!

New Publications.

THE HISTORY OF MINNESOTA, by EDWARD DUFFIELD NEILL, (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) is a valuable addition to our collection of State histories. The region it celebrates has already been invested with a more poetic interest by the genius of Longfellow. Here is the scene of Hiawatha—here—

"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lived the arrow-maker's daughter
Minnehaha, Laughing-Water,
Handsomest of all the women."

The land of the Dacotahs realizes to-day to the eye of the summer tourist all those gorgeous descriptions of its scenery which we find in Longfellow's poem. Nowhere, it is said, is scenery more wildly beautiful. So many and so lovely are its lakes and streams and cataracts, that the French traveller, Nicollet, fancying it fit for the abode of the water-spirits, called it Undine. Once inhabited only by painted and picturesque Indians, among whom came, at intervals, the lonely Jesuit missionary, the French voyageur, perhaps a solitary trapper, or a trader in furs, it is now thronged with ever-increasing swarms of civilized men, whose towns and cities are fast rising and spreading all over its surface. Its invaded aboriginal silence and savage beauty daily dissolve like the fabric of a vision, into the ordinary aspects and conditions of civilization. A steady stream of emigrants—farmers, merchants, traders, mechanics, speculators—pour from the eastward to settle on its soil, and enlarge the humming hive of its industrial and social life. This being so—Minnesota being a land of promise to many, to many a land of performance—it is well to have a good account of it, which has hitherto been wanting. The work under notice covers the whole history of the State, from the earliest French explorations to the present time, and seems in every way complete, thorough and reliable. The pains-taking industry that went to its preparation, is everywhere evident on its pages, and it doubtlessly furnishes all desirable information. The physical characteristics, climatology, topography, agricultural adaptability, and political history of the region, are fully treated—while graphic details of the manners, customs, character and general social life of the Indian tribes that once dwelt in the State, and episodes and anecdotes of the individual experience and adventure of early settlers, give the work a lively and somewhat romantic interest.

AN EVERY DAY BOOK OF HISTORY AND CHRONOLOGY, by JOEL MUNSELL, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) brings together in a concise form the great facts and events of each day of the year in all ages, from the creation to the present time, and arranges them chronologically. Doubtless the student of history and chronology will find his account in this volume, which is made still more available by a complete alphabetical index of contents.

SELECT DISCOURSES, (Scallon, Blakeman & Co., New York,) introduces the reader to the thought of Adolphe Monod, Krummacher, Tholuck, and Julius Muller, all celebrated French and German writers and preachers on religious subjects.

SUICIDE OF H. W. HERBERT.

H. W. Herbert, the author, who wrote often under the name of "Frank Forester," committed suicide at the Stevens House, Broadway, on the 17th. The following article from the *Newark Advertiser*, the place of his residence, gives an account of his troubles:—

The incidents more immediately affecting Herbert's mind, commenced with his second marriage, which occurred at the House of Prayer, in this city, on the 16th of February last, the rector, Rev. Mr. Shackleford, performing the ceremony. The bride was Miss Adele R. Budlong, a young lady from Rhode Island, with whom Herbert had formed a sudden and romantic attachment during a visit she was making in New York. It appears from his own statement to the writer of this, about the time of the occurrence, that he relieved her from the assault of some ruffian in one of the New York avenues, and accompanied her to her hotel; a correspondence followed, and resulted in the wedding, which was comparatively private, only four gentlemen of this city being present by invitation, with two from New York, in addition to the bride's mother and brother. They came from New York in the 2 P. M. train, which was delayed by an accident for about an hour on the way, and it was late in the afternoon when the ceremony was performed.

The parties proceeded immediately to Mr. Herbert's cottage, at "The Cedars," about two miles above the centre of this city, on the Passaic river, and for a time they were perfectly happy in each other's society. Some six weeks after this ceremony the reptile spirit of calumny crawled into his quiet home; it is alleged that some one, represented to be a lady, took occasion, probably without any idea of the tragic result, and poured into his wife's mind a recital of the worst features of his life, in the usual exaggerated gossip, and on his return he found her alone and melancholy. She told him what had passed, but refused to reveal the person; this fired Herbert's inflammable temperament, and in the heat of his impetuosity he threatened to destroy himself if she did not reveal the name. She in turn became frantically alarmed, and ruptured a small blood vessel, or produced a hemorrhage of the lungs. This in turn alarmed Herbert, who did all he could to restore her to health, and relieve her mind, but from that moment she determined to leave him, and did so during his absence in New York.

According to his representations he passed out of his back gate, which leads into the Cemetery, and she accompanied him to the fence, bidding him an affectionate adieu, with a kiss. On his return she had gone, and the full gush of desolation and despair unbalanced his sensitive mind. He strove in vain to bring her back, and thinking it would promote the object he left his cottage, which he thought might have been too lonely for her, and took apartments at the Stevens House, N. Y. (late Delmonico's) near the Bowling Green. Here he used every effort of his ingenuity to recover his wife, but she steadily refused to meet him, and finally instructed her attorney to inform him that she would receive no further communications from him. This last drop overflowed the cup of his bitterness; the future seemed all hopeless, and he then meditated his own destruction.

On Saturday he purchased a Colt's revolver for the purpose, and had determined to shoot himself in the cemetery, at the gate where he last parted from her he loved so well. On Sunday he sent for his friend, Philip H. Anthon, who remained with him during the day, and till 2 o'clock on Monday morning. At that hour he was conversing with him on the subject that absorbed his mind, and suddenly went out into an adjoining bedroom; the snap of a pistol was immediately heard, and the unhappy man came reeling back into the sitting room, exclaiming—"I told you I would do it!" He sank down, and after a few groans expired.

Mr. Herbert left a letter addressed to the Press, asking its "silence," and not to be "misrepresented and maligned." He says:—

"I ask no praise—do not praise me—probably I deserve none. I deserve reproach doubtless, for I am mortal and have sinned—say so then of me, if you say anything, and let my sins go with my mortality to his judgment who can tell, not only when and where, but why they were committed, and now for they have palliation—how far they deserve pardon.

"Remember also when you judge me that of all lives mine has been almost the most unhappy. No counsellor, no friends, no country have been mine for six-and-twenty weary years. Every hope has broken down under my foot as soon as it touched it. Every spark of happiness has been quenched as soon as it has been kindled.

"If I have sinned much and sorrowed much, I have also loved much—more perhaps than I have either sinned or sorrowed. It is the last drop that overflows the golden bowl, the last tension that breaks the silver cord. My last hope is gone—my last love and my life go together and so good-night to

May 18, 1858. HENRY HERBERT.

He also left a letter to the Coroner,—both letters are dated the 18th, the 1st, "Tuesday, the 18th," though he committed suicide on Monday the 17th—in which he says:—

"I have abundance of employment, and the prospect of much more—had the people of Newark, whom I forgive from the bottom of my heart, suffered me to live harmoniously and happily in my humble home, and to amend my life, where it was in error, in a new sphere, which I was honestly prepared to do, I might have paid off all my debts, and lived many years among you, an honest, useful, and happy man. My debts will be paid from my assets, to the last dollar.

"It was not, however, so to be; my blood, and the guilt of it, is upon those women and men of Newark, who first sowed suspicion, distrust, and dissension between myself and the sweetest creature God ever gave to, and man took away from an unhappy sinner. My own unhappy temper did the rest.

"The reason for this act, then, is simple. My life—long sad and solitary and weary, and without an object beyond labor to earn a living for the day—has been utterly hopeless, hateful, and insupportable.

"A hope had been kindled in my heart again—my home had got a light in it brighter than sunshine; my life had a purpose: I loved her unutterably. I was immeasurably happy; all this has been dashed down, all is lost forever—home, hope, sunshine, she. Let life go, likewise, since henceforth it is but another word for torture.

"I would not deny falsely one fault of which I am conscious, especially at this last moment; I would not deny that I erred towards her whom this day shows I have loved more than life.

"I did err, but it was hastily, in rash act or rash word; never, so may God deal with me, in thought or intention. I never had a word with her about money matters, nor cared, nor scarcely knew whether she had or had not money. I never laid a hand or finger on her in wrath in my life. What I said or did wrongfully I repented on the instant, and have endeavored to atone for ever since. I die for it this day.

"I think, I hope, I deserve pity more than blame; but I know I shall not find it, least of all in Newark. I can say truly, with my last breath, I never wronged a man or woman in my life with premeditation, or failed to ask pardon and atone when I could do so. I never bore malice to my life; I repent of all my faults and sins, and have endeavored to amend them. I die in perfect peace and charity with all men. I beg forgiveness of all those against whom I have sinned; I forgive all those who have sinned against me; even the woman who called at my own house, and set my wife's thoughts first against me. In proof of it, I am sure I know her, but do not name her name. I beg God to forgive me as I forgive all my enemies. I die in perfect faith and trust in my Redeemer, and believe that in Him I shall have eternal life.

"HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT."

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

The evidence elicited proved conclusively that the deceased had meditated suicide for some time past. After a brief consultation the jury returned the following verdict:

That Henry William Herbert came to his death by suicide, by shooting himself with a pistol, May 17th, 1858.

Deceased was a native of England, and fifty-two years of age.

JERROLDIANA.

At a social club to which Jerrold belonged, the subject turned one evening upon music. The discussion was animated, and a certain song was cited as an exquisite composition. "That song," exclaimed an enthusiastic member, 'always carries me away when I hear it."

JERROLD *(looking eagerly round the table.)* "Can anybody whistle it?"

"Speaking your mind," he says, "is an extravagance that has ruined many a man."

"Reputation is to notoriety what real turtle is to suck."

"The cattle is the devil's crucible, and melts all."

"Character flies. Yes, it has wings: and, of course, the lighter it is, the quicker it goes."

"Intellect: a new-fangled thing, just come up, and the sooner it goes out the better."

He said of New Zealanders:

"Very economical people: we only kill our enemies—they eat 'em. We hate our foes to the last; while there's no learning in the end how Zealanders are brought to remain 'em."

It must have been a kneal descendant of Dives into whose mouth he put this speech about a name:

"'I don't like the name of Lazarus' (said an anxious parent, discussing the usual topic preliminary to a christening,) 'it's low, and doesn't sound genteel—not at all respectable.'"

Describing the sordid avarice of a certain Hebrew bill-discounter, he said:

"The only difference between Moses ——— and Judas Iscariot, is that Moses would have sold our Saviour for more money."

Of outward signs:

"The names of houses are for the world outside. When folks read 'Rose Cottage' on the wall, they seldom think of the lots of thorns that are inside."

And of a choice of ruin:

"To be ruined your own way is some comfort. When so many people would ruin us, it is a triumph over the villainy of the world to be ruined after one's own pattern."

He did not spare the ladies; thinking that there was yet a little balance due in man's account with woman:

"Look here; you must allow that woman ought, as much as in her lies, to make this world quite a paradise, seeing that she lost us the original garden. We talk as philosophers, and when all is said and done about what we owe to woman, you must allow that we have a swinging balance against her. There's that little matter of the apple still to be settled for."

His theory of the Fall was, that "Eve ate the apple, that she might dress;" and as a pendant to the proverb "Every rose has its thorn," said, "You never find a woman without pins and needles." Of a celebrated actress, who, in her declining days, bought charms of carmine and pearl powder, he said, "Egad! she should have a hoop about her, with a notice upon it, 'Beware of the paint.'"

Here follows one of his ideas of women:

"Virtue's a beautiful thing in women, when they don't go about, like a child with a drum, making all sorts of noises with it. There are some women who think virtue was given them as claws were given to cats—to do nothing but scratch with."

NEWS ITEMS.

ON the 13th inst., at Blossburgh, Pa., an operation for Scirrhus Cancer of the breast was skillfully performed by Dr. H. G. Smyth, of Covington, assisted by doctors Banks & Kilborn, of the same place. For the past few months the disease had progressed rapidly. The patient was under the influence of chloroform, and was entirely unconscious of the operation.

THE transfer of the State canals to the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company, in accordance with the provisions of the act recently passed by the State Legislature, was consummated at the State capital recently.

AN IRISH "CLIMBER."—On Saturday afternoon some people on Staten Island were engaged getting ship timber from a forest. A tree some sixty feet high had been dug around, and a man sent to fasten a line at the top, so as to pull it down in a certain direction. Soon after reaching his lofty destination, to the consternation of the few spectators, the tree began to fall. The man clung to the trunk of the falling tree, and landed on the ground with the tree above him. The company hastily gathered around, expecting to see the mangled remains of the climber. Judge of their surprise when they were thus saluted, "Ah, boss, an' shure didn't I bring her down nice!"—*N. Y. Post.*

THE PRICE OF THE COMING WOOL CLIP.—The Ohio Cultivator of the 1st inst., says of the prices of the coming wool clip:—"The wool buyers approach their work very cautiously, and we presume prices will open eight or ten cents lower than the ruling rates of last year. Many of the manufacturers need to buy on time, on account of the difficulty of negotiating their paper in banks for cash, as formerly."

A BUFFALO paper says that a party of Rochester gentlemen were dining at one of the hotels in that city, the other evening, when a Buffalonian was unfeeling enough to reproach one of them with the fact that Canandaigua had got a murder of its own, and was rather taking the wind out of the Rochester sails. The Major flared up indignantly—"That Canandaigua murder!" said he, "it was nothing but a dirty, drunken, bar-room, fighting homicide! *Our murders, sir, are all premeditated!*"

THE new Militia Bill, of this State, requires the Assessors to enrol the names of all persons between *twenty* and *forty-five* years of age, liable to be enrolled by the laws of the United States. All persons not exempt are to pay *fifty cents* as commutation of arms, accoutrements and exercises, to be collected as other taxes are. The collector to pay all moneys for commutation of militia duty to the County Treasurer, to the credit of the military fund of the county. The fund so created to be applied exclusively to military purposes, for the benefit of the uniformed militia.

BLESSING SHIPS.—On the first of May, Cardinal Wiseman performed the solemn blessing of four ships at Deptford, England. These ships are to be employed against the slave trade. It is the first blessing of a ship since the "Reformation."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A PEEP AT NORMANDY—DIEPPE—ROUEN—FRANCE IN A PET—WHAT A BRITISH GOVERNMENT WOULD FIND IT HARD TO DO—A NEW METHOD OF SMUGGLING—THE EMPEROR AND THE POET.

Paris, April 29, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Never having visited Normandy—so famous for the richness of its pastures, and the superior size of its trees—I determined, on leaving London a few days ago, to return to Paris by way of Newhaven and Dieppe, in order to see this fine old province, and to get a look at the ancient churches of Rouen, which are among the most interesting antiquities of France.

Dieppe has grown, of late, into a fashionable watering-place, and boasts a population of 25,000 souls, principally English. A great influx of visitors takes place during the summer months, principally English also. The old town and harbor are ugly enough, but the new town, fronting the magnificent beach, consists of good, substantial, modern houses, principally hotels, which reap so ample a harvest during the few fashionable months that their owners will hardly give themselves the trouble to quarter travellers during the rest of the year. Of the way in which the itinerant Briton are fleeced by their smiling allies, some idea may be formed from the fact that Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, who, with their niece and a few servants, were there last autumn for the benefit of Lord Lyndhurst's health, paid $100 a week for their rooms, the latter, though neat and comfortable, being anything than splendid, or even handsome. Add to this fundamental extortion in the charge of rooms, the corresponding "rise" of every species of provision, cab hire, &c., during the "season," and the thrifty matrons among your readers may compute, for their own edification and amusement, what must be the average outlay at such a place for a family desirous of profiting by the invigorating influences of the air of the French coast!

Just now, however, you may have rooms in the deserted hotels for almost what you choose to offer; excellent meat at 15 cts. per lb., and delicious butter at 38 cts. But the beach, with its glorious waves, and the *falaises*, (or downs on the top of the cliffs) with their short elastic turf, their noble outlook over ocean and land, and their lavish sea-breezes, being abandoned of the gay world with its fripperies and crinolines;—the semicircular "bazar" with its range of green-faced shops named after each country of the world, and supposed to contain the products of the same, being shut up until the return of the birds of passage who patronize them;—the vast "crystal-palace" sort of building made of iron and glass, which contains the promenade-hall, the "ball room," "concert room," and New Baths (the walls of the latter being, however, composed of materials not quite so ingenuous as those of the rest of the building!) being abandoned to the distant inspection of the waves that roll up to its feet twice a day, as though to see if any of the last year's gaieties still linger within;—and the really fine library, with its shadowy length of books and sea-view, and its interesting collection of Roman and Gallic antiquities from the neighboring regions, being left to the sole enjoyment of the intelligent and courteous Librarian, of course no one thinks it worth while to make a lengthened stay in Dieppe during the unfashionable period of the year.

In the course of my wanderings through the old town, having inspected the magnificent old church—almost a cathedral—of St Jacques, whose exquisite traceries, quaint gargoyles, and storied archways are crumbling beneath the ruthless touch of Time, I found myself in the market-place, a large square, in which the buyers and sellers meet in happy promiscuity, beneath the wide cope of heaven, with only moveable tables for stalls. This method of transacting business in mutton, cabbages, cheese, and fresh eggs, may be very well—as it is certainly very picturesque—when the sun is shining; but on windy and rainy days, and when the snow is coming down in angry gusts from the north-looking one some sort of shelter would probably be preferable. The sun, however, was shining magnificently as I went through the crowd, and amused myself with watching the various motley groups, chaffering over heaps of garlic, piles of cast off clothing, heaps of ribbons and linens, cheese, fowls, fish, meat, and bread, which latter article of consumption is principally removed from the restraint of baker-shops, and to be found luxuriating in the fresh air and sunlight of the busy market-place of Dieppe. Formerly the women of Dioppe and all that Norman coast, were renowned for an odd but picturesque head-dress, surmounted by two standing flaps, like wings, which might be designated, with equal appropriateness as "the Chomb" or "the Butterfly-Cap." These astounding triumphs of the clear-starcher's art are made of white muslin, trimmed with lace, and kept in form over wires, which are known to exist, but do not appear: the winged parts surmounting the head, which is encased in something bearing a general resemblance to the "mob" of our great grandmothers. To my great sorrow, these seraphic head-dresses are fast disappearing, and I looked in vain through the busy market-place, for a single apparition of my winged favorites. "*Sic transit, &c.!*" But if I did not see the cap for which the fair Dieppoises were once renowned, my eyes were greeted with the sight of an enterprising dealer in buttons and pins, whose appearance was a full compensation for the windy walk I had had to the market-square. That ingenious individual had completely draped himself in the interesting object in which he dealt, his blouse and trowsers being covered over, in front, with papers of buttons, behind, with papers of pins. He also wore on his head a crown, neatly formed of papers of buttons, one of which formed a band round his forehead, while two others, attached at the ears, crossed the head, and were pinched up on the top into a representation of the centre jewel of a crown. The fellow's eloquence, and the assumption of dignity with which he expatiated on the beauty and value of his wares, turning himself about so as to make the pins and buttons glitter in the sun, had collected an immense crowd about him, and his treasures were going off in minute quantities, but with a rapidity that promised to strip him speedily of his trappings, to the equal delight of himself and of his customers. A little farther on were a man and woman, perched up on a bench against the wall of a house at the side of the square, holding over their heads a huge cotton umbrella in very battered condition and singing ballads at the top of their voices, the man wearing a pair of enormous leaden spectacles that one could not look at without laughing. A crowd of gaping listeners surrounded the pair, and peals of merriment responded every now and then to the syren strains they were uttering with the aid of a dirty and ragged little song-book they held between them. And while these, and a dozen other candidates for public applause, were captivating their own particular audiences, fish-women, flower sellers, and dealers in every imaginable article were rending the air with their clamors—the old hags who sit beside great baskets with a few bunches of garlic and bay-leaves lost in their abysmal depths, being the most vociferous of all.

The sole manufacture of Dieppe consists of ivory carvings, for which it has long been famous. The principal street is lined with shops, whose windows are full of the loveliest specimens of this style of work, and very beautiful they are. Shrines with little Virgins in them, chessmen, books, knives, bracelets, brooches, goblets, vases, allumette and bottle stands, candlesticks, boxes, parasol-handles, little figures of fishwomen, beggars, pashas, and drinking groups, filagree work, bunches of flowers, to be affixed to slabs of marble for paper-weights, and a thousand other pretty things, most exquisitely carved, tempt the visitor, and bring in a good deal of money to the natives during the season when rich English visitors fill the place. Several moulders of figures in *terra cotta* also deserve a visit; especially the shop of Maître Graillon, whose exquisite grapes carried off the Medal of Honor at the Paris Exhibition of 1855.

The railway from Dieppe to Rouen, as from Rouen to Paris, passes through a most beautiful and fertile country, abundantly worth a visit from the tourist in quest of the picturesque: the pastures are of a deep emerald green, that would not dishonor the shores which geologists tell us have been rent from them, at some indefinitely remote period of the past, on the opposite side of the channel. Just now the orchards—which, in Normandy, replace the vineyards to the south of Paris—are in full bloom: the woods are white with the wild plum and wild cherry; and the grass, especially in the orchards, is yellow with cowslips. In the meadows are buttercups, meadow-sweet, wild hyacinths, wild daffodils, narcissus, and daisies, the latter not quite so abundant as in England, but starring the deep green herbage with their brilliant disks, and giving something of an English look to the country. The cottages are mostly of *cétos*, a mixture of sand, earth, and pebbles, which has the advantage of being very warm in winter, and equally cool in summer, and to which the people are so much attached that they persist in its use, although it cannot stand water, but melts away in an inundation like a lump of sugar in a tumbler of water. These habitations are thatched, have tiny little blinking windows, and look about 150 years behind the ordinary dwelling of the corresponding class in England. Carts, ploughs, and all the agricultural implements, methods, and arrangements, have the same uncouth, primitive, and backward look. Even in the narrow section of country I had just traversed in England, I had seen numerous applications of steam to agricultural purposes: steam ploughs, steam-threshers, &c. One can't even imagine such an innovation among the green, old-world, lazy-looking peasants of Normandy.

Rouen is a large manufacturing city, with unlimited suburbs, standing in the wide and beautiful valley of the Seine, surrounded with lovely fields, groves and orchards, through which rise the tall chimneys of the cotton-spinning and cotton-weaving establishments that render it so important a manufacturing centre. It contains 130 000 inhabitants, and is called "The French Manchester." Its English prototype contains between 300,000 and 400,000, and is such a solid mass of dark, smoky brick as forms a very different place from gay, light, cheerful-looking Rouen. Instead of being carried on in lofty fastnesses that almost shut out the daylight from one another, as in Manchester, the cotton manufacturer of Rouen is lodged in pleasant, villa-like mansions, standing for the most part, each in its own garden, the factories being principally scattered in the outskirts of the town. Very little coal, if any, is consumed either in the town or the neighborhood, and thus the place has a clean aspect which contrasts strikingly with the great age of most of the houses in the town.

The town itself is a labyrinth of narrow streets, bordered by lofty houses, from whose windows you could almost shake hands across the thoroughfare below: few of the streets can boast of side pavements, and a single gutter runs down their centre, the street shelving down to this gutter on either hand. Great numbers of the houses are built of plaster, with cross-beams, making fantastic patterns outside, in the style known in England as the Elizabethan. Of these, many are literally dropping to pieces, the authorities, anxious to get the old parts rebuilt, having forbidden the owners to repair them. As soon as the process of decay has gone so far as to endanger the standing of one of these relics of a time gone by, the authorities order its demolition, and the owner is obliged to pull it down, and to rebuild in modern fashion. The insecurity of these old buildings in case of fire renders it necessary that they should thus disappear; but one cannot think of the quaint old town being gradually replaced by a modern city, without regret. Uncomfortable and inconvenient as these old places may be, (and are, however much one dislikes to make the admission,) one comes at every turn upon an old gateway, a bit of turret that has escaped the doom of its former neighbors and been built into a modern wall, or an old front not yet mouldered away, so picturesque, so full of light and shadow, and so vividly calling up the chequered memories of historic days, that one cannot but lament their approaching disappearance.

The Cathedral, the noble Church of St. Ouen, and the beautiful carved ceilings of the halls of the old *Palais de Justice*, are among the finest remains of ancient architecture in Europe. The former is now surrounded, in part by the fine old square—some of whose house-fronts are treasures for the photographer—partly by a beautiful garden, formerly belonging to the monastery behind the church. The contrast between the gay blossoms of the lilacs and rose-bud, and the dark, time-stained masses of carven stone still towering so proudly into the blue sky, was very striking. Inside the church, a gorgeous procession was celebrating the festival of St. Maur: the priests, in their lace and satin, were carrying a picture of the saint, all gilding and embroidery, hoisted on a tall pole. Some scores of chorister-boys, in their scarlet gowns and white surplices, of priests in black serge, with shaven crowns, (and some of them with most repulsive faces and big necks,) the beadle in gold lace and cocked hat, with a sword at his side, and a troop of devout worshippers—principally women and children, parading round the church, and chanting, with an occasional note from the organ or the bass viol, made up a notable spectacle, and helped to transport one's thoughts to the days when such ceremonies were full of living meaning to the crowds of believing worshippers, and the sombre cathedral with its massive pillars, the windows with their storied panes, and "dim, religious light," and the priests with their power, their pride, and their exclusiveness, were the spontaneous products of the time.

The Seine runs through the city, and is crowded with small craft which the Rouennois like to fancy rival the congregation of the children of the ocean that ride at anchor in the heart of London. Round the town lofty hills rise in every direction, dotted over with handsome country-seats, covered with lilacs and apple trees, and commanding a glorious view for many a mile in every direction. If Dieppe abounds in carved ivory, and the outskirts of Rouen in cotton-goods, Rouen itself enjoys the reputation of making the best "apple-sugar" in existence; and happy is the boy or girl whose travelling friends bethink them of purchasing a few sticks of this coveted confectionary for their eager teeth!

The valley of the Seine being one of the loveliest in France, and that river winding like a snake throughout its length—so that you cross it, and come upon it, and go beside it, at short intervals throughout the route, it will be readily imagined that the ride is a charming one, and that you reach Paris enchanted with the beauty of the country through which you have passed.

The disposition of the French mind towards England, is anything but affectionate at this moment. The friends of the Empire are furious at the acquittal of Bernard; and its enemies being uncertain as to whether this acquittal ought not to be regarded as a "defiance" hurled in the face of the whole French people as well as of its Emperor, are by no means delighted therewith. But it may fairly be hoped that the Emperor—who knows the English people so well, that he must have felt beforehand that he had ensured the acquittal of Dr. Bernard when he so injudiciously suffered the hectorings of the French colonels to appear in the *Moniteur*—is too shrewd to allow his people to hurry him into a war with England, which, he must be aware, though it would exalt him to a momentary popularity with those who now give him most trouble, would inevitably end in his own downfall; and it is very certain that angry as the British people have been at the unwise demonstrations of their Ally, they would deplore a rupture with France as the greatest blow to both countries, and the most serious impediment to the world's progress that could occur. War with either France or the United States, would meet with such resistance on the part of the great body of the British people, that it may well be doubted whether any Government could gain the national consent to its declaration.

While the passport-nuisance is the object of so much angry feeling in England, and the stringent measures recently adopted are keeping thousands of English visitors at home, to the great loss and annoyance of Paris, the *Aigle du Midi* tells a good story of an ingenious method by means of which a lace-dealer of Brussels contrived, a few days ago, to "do" the agents of the French custom-house. This speculative individual procured a large number of pigeons, which he carefully packed in baskets, labelled to the address of his correspondent in Paris; each basket contained about forty pigeons, so closely packed as to be hardly distinguishable one from another, and among these twenty were dead, but so nicely fixed upon elastic spiral springs, that they could not be known from the living ones. These dead pigeons were stuffed with toe richest Brussels, and the most delicate Malines, of which costly textures many thousand yards were thus smuggled into Paris, the illusion being so complete that the custom-house officials were taken in, and the baskets, with the leaden seals of the *Douane* duly attached, reached their destination unsuspected.

Accounts of the rejoicings of the *Jours Gras* have ceased to figure in the meagrely-filled columns of the famished and muzzled journals of Paris; but a correspondent of the *Pays*, of this city, in describing the gaieties and frolickings of the Russians—especially of the lower classes—during Easter, recounts the following anecdote. It appears that the Russians are very fond of joking, and sometimes go so far as to joke on dangerous topics: During the late festival, a young fellow who has a gift at verse-making, composed some satiric stanzas on the Emperor Alexander. These verses were printed, and reached the eye of the Emperor, who ordered the author to be searched out and brought to him, without his knowing whither he was being conveyed. The poor devil was soon discovered by the police, and was conveyed to the palace one afternoon at the hour when the members of the imperial family are accustomed to meet on intimate terms, and entirely without etiquette.

"I am aware that you have written some verses and here they are!" said the Emperor to the poet, as he was introduced into the imperial boudoir, where all the grand-dukes and grand-duchesses were assembled. "Poetry always gains by being read by its author," he continued, as he handed the poem to the author, "be so good as to read me your verses yourself!" The poor rhymester was compelled to obey this command, and as his voice trembled a good deal when he got to any particularly critical verse, the Emperor made him read such passages over a second time, pretending not to have understood him. When the reading was terminated, the Emperor quietly remarked, "You have a good deal of talent, and you will do well to go on writing. Meantime, I thank you for the amusement you have procured me." The unhappy poetizer could hardly believe his ears, having looked on a visit to Siberia as the very mildest doom awaiting him. But, happily, the road to Siberia, since the accession of Alexander II., has only been followed by those who are returning from it;—to venture on a rather Hibernian mode of expression, which, however, expresses a fact highly honorable to the present ruler of all the Russias. According to the same writer, a Russian in whose presence an ardent admirer of the present ruler was giving vent to his hero-worship, remarked, "You may be very enthusiastic for his present majesty, but you cannot deny that the late Emperor did a vast deal for the happiness of Russia!"

"In what respect?" demanded the admirer of his sovereign. "He has given us Alexander!" replied the other.

QUANTUM.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Niagara brings Liverpool advices to the 8th

On the 5th, the House of Commons passed to a second reading the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, by forty majority.

On the 6th, in reply to an inquiry, Mr. D'Israeli said that no revision of the commercial relations of Turkey had taken place since the war, but that one would probably soon commence. He also stated, in reply to an inquiry of Mr. Bright, as to the proclamation of the Governor-General of India, confiscating the soil of Oude, that the Government had sent out a dispatch disapproving of the policy of the Governor-General in this matter, in every respect.

The bill abolishing the property qualifications for members of Parliament, was debated and passed to a second reading, amidst great cheering. The question is regarded as an important one in Parliamentary reform, and meets with Government support.

In the House of Lords, Lord Ebury moved for a commission to consider the propriety of modifying the liturgy of the Church of England, and subsequently withdrew his motion.

On the 7th, in the House of Lords, Lord Ellenborough produced a copy of the Governor-General of India's proclamation, and the Government dispatch in condemnation of the Governor's action.

Earl Granville deprecated the production of the dispatch, and defended Lord Canning, predicting that he would not submit to the affront.

The Earl of Derby defended the action of the Government, stating that they felt bound to object to the sweeping confiscation of the landed property in Oude, which Lord Canning had proclaimed.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer reported that there was a perfect agreement between Great Britain and Sardinia, with respect to the course to be taken for the solution of the present difficulty. That agreement, however, did not imply that everything had been arranged. The Government had included in their representations the crew of the Cagliari.

The subject of the Government of India was taken up, and further progress made on the resolutions proposed by the Government.

The Times is authorized to state that Sir Colin Campbell is to be created a Peer, in consequence of his distinguished services.

The Court of Queen's Bench refused the application of the British Bank Directors for a new trial. Lord Campbell said that the jury were justified in their verdict. All the facts of the case were uncontradicted, and he sincerely hoped that the prosecution would have a salutary effect upon commercial transactions.

At the Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in London, a resolution was unanimously adopted to disseminate, as far as possible, Scriptural instruction in India.

At the Queen's Drawing-room, Mr. Dallas presented to the Queen, Mrs. Charles Amory and daughter, of Boston, and Mrs. Baldwin and daughter, of Boston. Mr. Dallas presented Mr. George Dorr, of New York, Professor Alexander, United States Commissioner of International Coinage, and Lieutenant U. S. Boyd, commanding the Marines of the U. S. frigate Niagara.

The London Times, in its city article, has some lengthy remarks on the extension of the United States southward, and says in effect, that the absorption of the weaker republics of Central and South America by the United States cannot be long delayed, should America now pursue the course that seems imminent—The change, as regards the English interest, assuming that she will honestly provide for the existing debts of the various States in question, cannot but be a great improvement upon their present position. The writer thinks that far more opposition will be shown to the extension at home than abroad.

The long projected European and American Submarine Telegraph Company in the Azores, were about issuing proposals for laying their cable.

The Army and Navy Club had given a banquet to the Duke of Malakoff, at which the most amiable feelings were evinced. The Duke proposed as a toast "The imperishable union of the armies and navies of England and France."

A meeting of one hundred and twenty-five Liberals (members of the House of Commons) had been held, and adopted resolutions declaring that they could not express satisfaction with the Government; that no future Government will be worthy of support which does not manifest an earnest zeal and sincerity in providing measures of improvement and reform, and that every Government wishing to have the support of the Liberal party should be established on a wider basis.

The Bank of England had made no change in the rate of discount. The overflow of bullion to France had checked the expectation. The demand for discounts had subsided and applications were very light.

INDIA.—Full detail of the scenes following the fall of Lucknow are published.

The son of one of the Begums and two or three ladies of the Zenana, were killed by a discharge of musketry, when the doors were burst open, before the soldiers saw that they were women. The plunder and destruction of property seems to have been immense. The troops had been exposed to great labor before the city. Strong measures were at last taken to preserve order in the city and prevent plunder. It was expected that 8 000 men would have to be left to garrison Lucknow.

Symptoms were observable of a gathering cloud in the northwest and preventive measures were urged, for fear of a sudden outbreak of the Sikhs.

Sir James Outram had issued a proclamation declaring that the British Government had no intention to carry on an armed propagandism, as was believed, among the natives; and the Governor-General had issued a proclamation, promising rewards to those who had been faithful, and calling on others to submit and throw themselves on the mercy of the British Government. He confiscates all the estates of the latter, but promises that their lives shall be spared if they are not guilty of shedding murderous blood.

The Paris *Pays* affirms that, in a private despatch, Sir Colin Campbell has urgently demanded large and immediate reinforcements, on account of the great losses his army has sustained by sickness and the enemy's fire. The *Pays* says that, notwithstanding the taking of Lucknow, Oude is still in full insurrection and revolt, and instead of being trodden out, extends daily.

FRANCE.—The Emperor is expected to pay a ten days' visit to Brittany in July.

The commission appointed to consider the claims of Professor Morse has recommended that the Government should give him 400,000 francs for the use of his system in France.

Trade in France continued to show symptoms of improvement. Increased orders from the United States had reached Lyons.

There were rumors of a new Senatus Consultum touching the press.

A prominent supporter of Cavaignac's Government had left Paris to remain away until after the elections were over, and it was surmised that his departure was not voluntary.

Paris letters state that the Emperor, at a reception, had rebuked one of the Deputies for expressing himself strongly in opposition to the Government plans in the Legislature, and that the incident was much spoken of.

The anniversary of the death of Napoleon had been celebrated in Paris with imposing religious ceremonies.

The Queen of Holland was on a visit to Napoleon.

BELGIUM.—The Paris correspondent of the Times says that the Belgian Government is very active in all that relates to the army and defences of the country.

SPAIN.—A despatch from Paris says that a despatch from Madrid, dated Friday, the 7th, 4 P. M., announces that the Cortes have been suddenly and definitely postponed. Some of the Ministers have tendered their resignations.

NAPLES.—Advices from Naples say that the import and export duties are about to undergo a considerable reduction. A maximum duty of 25 per cent. of their value will be levied upon all goods imported.

Several fresh shocks of earthquakes, causing much damage, had occurred.

PORTUGAL.—It is reported that the vine disease had again shown itself in Portugal.

The elections had resulted largely in favor of the Government candidates.

The new Queen of Portugal was on a visit to the Queen of England.

DENMARK.—A letter from Copenhagen states that the preliminary work for the construction of four large coast batteries, forming the first part of the work destined to defend Copenhagen, has been commenced.

RUSSIA.—Details of the arrangements for the abolition of serfdom are published.

Letters report serious risings among the serfs in some localities, and the interposition of the military to restore order.

THE MARKETS.—From the Brokers' Circular.—The cotton market remained buoyant as at the departure of the North American, and prices of all qualities were at an advance of ¼ per pound on the quotations carried out by the Persia on the 1st of May.

Richardson, Spence & Co., say that cotton has a declining tendency, and the advance on the week is partially lost.

Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., report flour with a declining tendency, quotations being hardly maintained.

Messrs. Bigland, Althya & Co., Richardson, Spence & Co., Jas. McHenry, and others, reported Beef heavy, with a light decline on all qualities. Pork remains firm, all the stock here being in second hands. Holders consequently demand an advance to the extent of 1s als. 6d.

Bacon firm; short middles have advanced 1s., and are selling for 40s50s. The old stock is being re-shipped to America. Lard firm, at 57s. for choice lots. Tallow quiet at 55s. for North American. Cheese firm, with a small advance on all qualities.

The Brokers' and other circulars report Ashes quiet, at a trifling decline, both Pots and Pearls selling at 38s.a39s. Sugar firm at an advance on all grades, but chiefly on the fine. Molasses active and buoyant. Coffee quiet. Rice dull and quotations maintained with difficulty; Carolina sells at 20s.a22s. Teas but little inquired for and prices weak.

Tin has advanced 5s. on the English sorts. Spirits of Turpentine firm at 42s.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—The London money market was generally unchanged. The bullion in the Bank of England had decreased £396,000. Consols closed on Friday at 97¾a97¾ for money, and 97¾a98 for account.

☞ A lady named Temple, who is well known in the fashionable regions of Belgravia, has discovered a remedy for stuttering. It is simply the act of reading in a whisper, and gradually augmenting the whisper to a louder tone.

☞ Tennyson has added about one hundred and fifty lines to "Maud," explanatory of the plot, and restored the "Charge of the Light Brigade" to something like its former reading. The alterations will be found only in the last blue-and gold edition of his poems.

☞ Two young persons in Illinois, recently desired to marry, but the girl's mother wouldn't consent, and she being of age, the gentleman sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the mother was compelled to bring the daughter into court. The judge asked the girl whether she wanted to marry Smith? She said "Yes," and he married them.

☞ A horticulturist advertised that he would supply all sorts of trees and plants, especially "pie-plants of all kinds." A gentleman thereupon sent him an order for "one package of custard-pie seed, and a few dozen of mince-pie plants." The gardener promptly filled the order by sending him four goose eggs and a small dog.

☞ The extent of the territory and variety of the climate of the United States, may be realized in the fact that in certain parts of Texas the wheat crop is now ready for the scythe, while at the North it is just beginning to grow.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ It is rumored that Mr. Rarey, the American horse-tamer, uses a file of Congressional speeches to subdue the refractory animal put under his charge. After reading about a quarter of an hour, the quadruped gives in, and promises an entire amendment of morals and manners if he will only stop.

☞ A little girl was sitting by the window, one evening, during a violent thunder storm, apparently striving to grapple some proposition too strong for her childish mind. Presently, however, a smile of triumph lit up her features, as she exclaimed—"Oh, I know what makes the lightning: it's God *lighting his lamps and throwing the matches down here!*"

☞ Voltaire had an actor named Paulin, at Ferney, who played the tyrant in his private theatricals. Voltaire slept very little, and passed half the night in making changes in his pieces. About three o'clock one morning, having thought of a new speech for Paulin, he woke up his servant, and ordered him to carry it to the actor. "But, sir," said the servant, "the poor man isn't up at this time!" "Go to him," cried the poet, "immediately—tyrants never sleep."

☞ We require four things for woman—that virtue dwell in her heart, that modesty play on her brow, that sweetness flow from her lips, and industry occupy her hands.—*Chinese Maxim.*

☞ Henry Ward Beecher is great at taking up collections. At the old John Street Church, on one occasion, they wanted to make an extra raise. Mr. Beecher eloquently addressed the new converts, and finally asked those who had experienced religion in that church to hold up their right hand. Nearly all the right hands were raised instantaneously up. "Now," says Mr. Beecher, "put *that* hand in your pocket when the plate is passed round."

☞ Spiggles says, that, although there is no such thing as muzzling the press in this country, there is a plenty of *book muslin*.

☞ A young gentleman having made some progress in acquiring a knowledge of Italian, addressed a few words to an organ-grinder in his purest accent. He was astonished at receiving the following response—"I no speak Inglis."

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrowed most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

—*Tennyson.*

☞ A witness was called to the stand to give his testimony. Having taken his place, he turned to the counsel at the bar, and, before testifying, very earnestly made the inquiry, "Say, stranger, which side am I on?"

☞ Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.

☞ Some one anxious to ascertain whether Kean was or was not a classical scholar, wrote to him for benefit tickets in Latin. "And how did he construe it?" asked R———, who heard the story. "Into an insult," was the reply.

☞ Women who are too forward in offering their services to men soon find themselves under their feet.—*Mme. de Lespinasse.*

☞ Holy sleep! For this reason has man likened thee unto Death. In one minute thou pourest more of the waters of Death over the tablet of sorrowing man's memory, than the wakefulness of the longest day. And then thou coolest the inflamed, tumultuous breast, and man arises, again worthy of the morning sun. Be to me blessed, until thy dreamless brother comes, who still more beautifully and much longer becalms.—*Richter.*

☞ Between two young and pretty women there can be no sincere friendship. Can two merchants who have the same snuff to sell become good neighbors?—*Ninon*

SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.—This body, which assembled in Montgomery, Alabama, on the 10th instant, adjourned on the 14th, to reassemble at Vicksburg in May of next year. The resolutions in relation to reopening the slave trade were laid upon the table, and ordered to be printed. Resolutions calling upon the Governors of the Southern States to appoint delegates to a convention to take into consideration "the present critical position of the South, and the dangers that threaten her in the future, and to endeavor to devise, if possible, effectual safeguards for her future security and equality in the Union, or, failing in that, to go out of it," were also laid upon the table.

REPORTS OF OUTRAGES IN KANSAS.—Accounts from Kansas continue to report outrages and robberies, by Montgomery's band. It is stated that three hundred families were driven out of Lynn County. Montgomery holds a captain's commission under Gen. Lane. It is understood that the band have a written pledge, under which they are sworn to drive all pro-slavery settlers out of the Territory, and to break up the land sales of July next. They are also reported to have said that unless Governor Denver withdraws the troops from Fort Scott they will proceed to Lecompton and hang him.

THE SEIZURE OF THE BARK ADRIATIC—REDRESS DEMANDED FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.—*Washington, May 21.*—Mr. Burlingame, of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, has ready a report, unanimously adopted by that body, calling upon the President to make the necessary inquiries into the recent seizure of the bark Adriatic while lying in a French port, and bring the same to the notice of the Emperor's Government. He is also instructed to obtain redress for the wrong done, and a guarantee against similar occurrences for the future.

FURTHER FROM UTAH.—*Col. Kane at Fort Leavenworth—Abdication of Brigham Young.*—ST. LOUIS, May 20.—The steamer John H. Dickey, from Fort Leavenworth, has arrived, with dates to the 17th instant. Her officers state that Col. Kane and the Abbe Gilbert arrived at that place on Sunday last. Gilbert states that Brigham Young has abdicated his post as Governor, and that Gov. Cummings was, at the last dates, only 30 miles from Salt Lake City, accompanied by a deputation of 50 Mormons, sent out to meet him and escort him into the city.

LANDING OF A PARTY OF ENGLISH MARINES.—INSULT TO THE SPANISH FLAG.—The steamship Black Warrior, from Havana, brings reports that a party of marines from an English cruiser had landed at one of the Cuban outposts, and ransacked the plantations in search for Bozal negroes. The captain of the outpost had been ordered to Havana for trial for not having resisted the invasion and insult to the Spanish flag.

RIOT AT POTTSVILLE.—The miners of the Analand coal district at Pottsville, Pa., having struck for higher wages, stopped operations by three at other collieries in the vicinity on May 22d. Matters began to look so serious that the military were called out, who arrested the ring-leaders, which restored order.

DECAY OF QUAKERISM.—An English gentleman, who is concerned to remark that although the population of Great Britain has more than doubled itself during the last half century, the members of the Society of Friends have diminished in number, offers a prize of 100 guineas for the best and one of 50 for the next best essay, explanatory of the causes of this change. Three able independent arbitrators have undertaken to pronounce judgment on the essays, viz., Professor Maurice, of London; Professor J. P. Nichol, of Glasgow, and the Rev. E. S. Pryce, of Gravesend, Kent.

WE learn from one of the delegates to the O. S. Presbyterian General Assembly, at New Orleans, that he accompanied about one hundred of the delegates from Cairo to New Orleans, and as they did not think it proper, as Christian ministers and elders, to travel on the Sabbath, they paid the officers of the steamer five hundred dollars to lay over during the day at Lake Providence, Louisiana.

JOHN WATSON, late of the county of Prince Edward, Va., by will, emancipated his slaves, about sixty in number, and gave them some $20,000 in money, to take them to Liberia. At the late Circuit Court one of these slaves, Cæsar, aged 57, filed a petition setting forth his desire to choose an owner, whereupon the court took the necessary steps, according to law, to gratify Cæsar.

THE Kansas land sales have been postponed to November 1st and 15th.

THE St. Peters (Min.) Free Press announces the capture of Ink-pa-du-ta, whose band committed a number of brutal murders in the southern part of Minnesota during last summer.

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

SLIDING DOWN A MOUNTAIN.

The end of my last letter left the doctor and myself standing under the portico of the Mount Church, and looking down upon a grand view. Here is what we saw: the clouds having driven by and a bright sun taken their place. We looked down from this elevation of 2,000 feet and saw the whole front of the island. The town, and the sea, and the shipping floating upon it, and the neighboring islands washed by its restless breast were all at our feet.

There were the numerous hills which we had mounted with so much labor, piling one upon the other until they reached our feet. Their rich sides cultivated like one immense garden, dotted here and there by hamlets or isolated houses; while dense groves of shade and fruit-trees continued the landscape. Near the sea was the town we had left, with its narrow streets, its frowning forts, its massive cathedrals, and its palace-like private residences; many of which with their expensive grounds covered more than an acre of ground. Then in front of the town there was "Loo Rock" washed by its incessant surf, and with "Loo Castle" towering over its perpendicular sides. While in the open roadstead there were thirty sail of shipping, and far away to the southward, the misty and imperfectly defined horizon joining with the overcast and uncertain sky. It was difficult to say where the sea ended and where the sky commenced—like the mind straining into futurity, the eye lost itself in dim and vain imaginings.

We were now in the region of clouds. Those hills riding one upon the other had at length formed a mountain. The slope of this mountain was one immense 30 000 acre tract of highly cultivated land, and its broken ridge—which yet towered thousands of feet above us—was composed of rocky crests and black-looking ravines. The highest peak of these mountains is said by Captain Wilkes, U. S. N., to be over 6,000 feet above the level of the sea.

While we were admiring this grand view, we were totally unconscious of a storm that was gathering in our rear. We were awakened to our danger by a score of plaintive, whining voices, some were in broken-English, others in Portuguese. I put them all in the former, to be understood. Here they commence—

"My good gentlemen! a copper! a copper!" whined a very ragged and generally shabby-looking old woman, who would have seemed an object of real charity had it not been for a bad twinkle of her left eye.

"My great gentlemen! a copper for charity!" chimed in an equally dilapidated old man, as he held out one handless arm and crossed the other over his bare breast.

These two evidently "hunted in couples." They frowned lowering upon the more youthful members of the crowd, and were always in the van.

"Handsome gentlemen! good gentlemen! money! money! money!" urged a dozen or more ragged, and dirty, and *rascally*-looking adults and children of both sexes.

"Gentlemen, give money to *drink*!" supplicated Mario and his heretofore silent companion.

"Gentlemen, you ride down in sledge?" queried two athletic-looking mountaineers, as they closed in upon us with affectionate curiosity.

"Get out of this, you rascally pack!" almost screamed the doctor, brandishing his cotton umbrella; "I'll knock some of you down. *Clear out!*"

"Come! let's go into the church!" I said, knocking at the closed door.

"Bum-by, gentlemens!" said one of the mountaineer sledge-men. "Wait minute!"

Of course we complied with his suggestion, and were shortly rewarded by hearing the noise of the key.

"There he is!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Maybe it's a she!" returned I.

"No, it's a *he*!" he insisted, as the door opened and showed us a short, stout man, dressed very much like one of the outside vagabonds, and looking like a great rascal instead of like the quiet priest we had expected to see. He subsequently proved to be the keeper of a neighboring Palperia, with whom the keys were left while the priests were away. These latter we saw nothing of, but were informed that they were very poor, and that they only came to the church upon feast or other service days.

We stepped gingerly in through the open door upon the massive stone flooring, and looked around us with an air of alarmed curiosity. We had previously agreed to affect wonder and astonishment at everything we saw, and we succeeded admirably—especially at preserving our countenances. The excited crowd—every one of whom seemed to be a guide—grew more excited still. Each one seemed to have said to himself—"Ah! these green strangers are struck with astonishment—I will work upon that feeling until it produces a shilling!"

"Here San Antoñio!" exclaimed one, more eager than his fellows, before we had arrived within twenty feet of a life sized image of wood, painted and clothed in the *gaudy* manner peculiar to Chinese and Romish Saints, and reposing in one of several niches. "Here San Antoñio!!"

"It can't be!" ejaculated the doctor, in a tone of wondering, half-doubting inquiry.

"San Antoñio! San Antoñio!" assisted the crowd.

"San *Antoñio!*" I repeated, with an incredulous shake of the head. "Not San Antoñio!"

"No San Antoñio!" queried one of the male adults. "Suppose he no San Antoñio, you cut me head off." This fellow was actually violent and nervous of our unbelief, and threw his arms about and gesticulated in a most vehement manner.

"San Antoñio!" I repeated, in a tone of unwilling conviction.

"Yes! yes! San *Antoñio!* San Antoñio!" piled in the crowd eagerly.

We passed slowly on, gazing around us in continued, gaping wonder.

"Here Mary!" yelled the crowd, stopping before a second image.

"Here Mary!" sang out an isolated beggar triumphantly, pointing to a third image in a more distant niche. It seemed that there were two Marys. I stepped half way between them and gaped from one to the other. The isolated beggar looked—sure of his shilling: the less advanced crowd frowned upon him as upon a traitor who had taken an unfair advantage of his party.

"Yes!" I said, in bad Portuguese. "Yes! they are both 'Mary.' They are so much alike each other. They must have been made by a man who *knew* Mary!"

The crowd shrugged its shoulders in acquiescing doubt. One only, more intelligent than the others, glanced at me curiously.

I only wonder that they all did not discover me, for the first Mary had red hair, a snub nose, and a squat figure, (I use the expression most adapted to her appearance,) while Mary No. 2 was tall and slender, dark haired and long nosed. Two more unlike Marys could not have been found in a year's walk.

"All siller!" suddenly vociferated an excited beggar, pointing to a massive lamp that hung in front of "Mary No. 2."

"All *lead!*" I objected, with the indignant air of one just discovering that he was being humbugged. This objection was greeted by a perfect torrent of derision, followed by vehement protestations to the contrary. I noticed that one of the sledgemen protected himself into a profuse perspiration.

"Siller! siller! All siller!" urged some.

"Lead! He calls it *lead!* Phew!" sneered the others.

"All gold!" I queried, simply as if continued of my error, and pointing to a heavy column of carved gilt work near by.

"No! no! not gold!" Acknowledged the crowd, smiling at our simplicity. "*Some* gold; not all!"

Here I again caught the eye of "the intelligent one." He had evidently made up his mind as to the state of affairs. He slapped his palm violently upon his right leg, spun around twice, and laughing boisterously, informed the crowd that we were quizzing them; whereupon said crowd looked confusedly small, and let us end the examination in quiet. When we had seen a very large altar surmounted by a very small image of our blessed Saviour, and flanked by several other images of *apparently primary importance*, we returned to the Porch. I could not but wonder that men could read the Bible and see where the human race is told—"Come unto *Me*, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and *I* will give you rest." I could not but wonder, I say, that men could read that *direct* invitation, and yet think it necessary to call in "third persons" to intercede for them for things which are thus freely offered. This, however, is not "sliding down a mountain"—and, perhaps, a little out of place in THE POST.

We returned to the Porch, when the owner of the Palperia hurriedly locked the door and beckoned to—hold out his hand.

"No changy!" I replied, holding out the same attractive half eagle and then returning it to my pocket with a regretful shrug.

Dismay and consternation spread through the expectant group. The "aged couple" trembled with anxious doubt as they followed us toward the horses.

"He says he has no change!" they cried despairingly.

Suddenly a bright idea seemed to strike the "intelligent one." He left us on a run in the direction of the Palperia, and before we had gained the horses was again at our side—breathless. He had gone for change.

"Here changy!" he exclaimed breathlessly, and in astonishingly fair English.

"Clear out!" shouted the doctor, with a threatening sweep of his heavy umbrella. "I suppose, however," he added, "I suppose we must give them something."

"How much?" I asked.

"Oh! a half dollar among the crowd."

So I took $4,50 from the "breathless-one," gave him the half eagle in exchange, and informed the crowd that the difference was theirs. Their delight knew no bounds. The "aged couple" immediately fraternized with the "breathless-one," frowning rebuffingly upon the equally anxious adults. We now succeeded in leaving them behind—like the Siberian wolves whose pursuit was checked by meat thrown from the flying sleigh, they stopped to fight over the tempting prize. Just as we reached the horses, however, we were attacked in another quarter. Our two "mountaineers"—the breathless one and friend—almost ran over us with a two-seated basket-sleigh, into which they urged us to get, and be slid down the mountain.

"Yes! that's very fine!" said the doctor. "You want to break our necks. Confound you."

I looked at the establishment and saw a regular "sleigh-basket" fastened securely upon two long iron runners, to the forward ends of which were fastened a stout hide thong about six feet long. With these thongs they hauled the sleigh over level places, and "held-back" with them when going down steep hills. When bringing it back from the town to their elevated habitation, they put it bodily upon their shoulders. Usually they ran along, one holding on to each side of the sleigh and shoving, or holding-back upon the thongs, as was necessary. One of "the mess" had twice come down in one of them years since, and as the feat was a thing of every-day occurrence, we finally concluded to "try it," in spite of the deep ravines which existed at some of the short turnings.

"We will *go slow* when we get to those turns," I said.

"I should think so!" replied the doctor.

We little knew how poorly our mountaineers were going to understand our directions. Those fellows who could speak English so well when they said—"Here changy!"

Behold us seated. The no longer "breathless-one" on one side, his friend on the other, and one of the "male adults" behind to push, or hold back, as might be necessary. This "extra hand," the doctor remarked joccosely, "was attached behind to hold back *his* extra 70 pounds he supposed." Behold also the steep, smooth road under us, rendered even more slippery than usual by the late rain. Behold us "settling" ourselves for the start. And finally behold us gently moving at first, and then steaming along with break-neck velocity.

"Whoop! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the delighted possessor of flesh and animal spirits. "Whoop! Come on with the horses, Maria. By Jove! this is grand."

"Whoop! *Go* it you cripples!" (They were anything *but* cripples,) I joined in, "Whoop, hurrah!" And at the same time I attracted the attention of the again "breathless-one" through the instrumentality of a pin's point (the power of which I had previously tested upon my own hand, and which I held tightly to ensure its not annoying him beyond what it had me,) carefully applied upon a safe surface.

"Oh, *Caramba!*"

"Go it, John. The other fellow is ahead of you."

"Oh, no good! no good! How can? Suppose fall down!"

This diversion of the breathless-one's attention from its legitimate occupation, added to the doctor's extra 70 pounds upon the opposite side, came very near resulting in an upset. We happened to be just at the foot of the first hill then, however, and halted in safety; the last ten yards being accomplished sideways—crab-like!

"Gentlemens, go dis way or dat?" asked "John," rubbing himself and pointing as he said, "dat," to a fork of the road, which crossed the head of a neighboring ravine, and reached the town by another route. I felt quite ashamed of myself as he thus rubbed himself so good naturedly after my attack, and inwardly resolved to reward him with an extra shilling. Had I known that his good humor was only assumed to swindle us out of *treble fare*, and that he was soon going to curse us lustily because we would only pay double what we had bargained for, I should probably have taken advantage of said forced good-humor to put in the pin a little deeper.

"Gentlemen better go new way!" suggested Maria, as he came within hail, and imagined the cause of the stoppage; "me carry hoss t'other side."

We waited for our adviser to come up; understood fully what he meant; saw the beauty of it; and got out to let the sledge men shoulder the sledge and carry it to the opposite ridge. We followed in their tracks, resumed our seats, and made a fresh start. This time our sledgemen took off their moccasin-like boots—"to makey no slip," as they expressed it—and intimated that we were to expect a "two-forty" pace. They fulfilled their promise, and we fairly whizzed. Burthened peasants, staggering down the steep road under their monstrous bundles of brush-like firewood; ragged children and barking dogs, that rushed from the road-side huts, attracted by the shouts of excitement which we both gave vent to; all respectfully "cleared the track" before our rushing descent.

"Whoop! whoop! hurrah! Get out of the way! Clear the track!" we shouted, in wild vociferations.

There was something so exciting bracing in the rapid whirl, and we were yet in the country, and no decorum was violated.

"Look out for that turn! Hold up, you spalpeens!" I cautioned, a little nervously.

"Poco-à-Poco, (slowly, slowly,) John! Poco-à-Poco! you vagabonds!" joined in the doctor, energetically.

But "John" had been over that road in safety too often to heed the caution. We went, if anything, a little faster, as we whirled around the gradual curve.

"Must stop now, gentlemens," panted the breathless-one, as we reached the bottom of another hill, and found a short, level space, over which projected the straw roof of a dirty-looking Palperia. "Must stop, now! You want something drink?"

"Confound your drinks!" I replied. "You want us to pay for you to drink. That's what you are after."

"Velly well, gentlemen!" assented he, with such a smile.

"Aye-de mi!" signed the opposite mountaineer, by way of exciting pity.

"Phew! phew! phew!" blew the pusher, faintly, toward the same end. A school of porpoises would now have been put to the blush by the violent and irregular puffing which ensued. They were evidently working for a drink.

"*How* they blow!" exclaimed the doctor, condolingly.

This was all they required. A wounded whale could not now have out-blown them. They turned red in the face, perspired profusely, fanned themselves languidly, and finally—got their drink. They now asked for a half dollar to pay for it. We knew that the country liquor they had drank could be bought at six cents the bottle, and consequently felt angry.

"A half dollar!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "Why, that is just what we are to pay you for sleighing us down."

The whale-like breathing was now all over. The end had been gained, and their breath was now used to convince us that we were not being swindled.

"Come! go ahead!" exclaimed the doctor, now really indignant. "None of your humbug!"

Again we took our seats and continued the descent. A half mile more and we were at the edge of the town, where the inclination of the streets was no longer great enough to admit of sleighing. We got out, climbed upon a low wall, looked over the roofs of some low houses, and saw our horses approaching at a trot, with Maria and friend running along with the bridles. The saddles were now well dry again, so giving our swindlers the half dollar agreed upon, plus a shilling to the pusher, we mounted and rode for the beach. Now it was that our mountaineers came out in their true colors. *They* had begged us frantically to use their sledge. We promised them fifty cents in return. We had paid them that, besides a similar amount for beer and a shilling to the boy, and now they followed us with their imprecations and their curses. Had we been so disposed, we might have had them taken up by the police, but I remembered the pin, and rode on. I only wished that I had put it in a little deeper. As we turned a corner they were still abusing us—"Ah!" I thought to myself, "what a strange thing Madeira-beggar-human-nature is."

"Here's a dollar for your horse, Maria. To-morrow we are going to ride to the 'Corral.' I shan't want this one again; his step is too long, and his back has too much spread. Meet us with horses on the beach when you see the boat coming, and we'll take our pick. Good morning, my dejected pedestrian. * * * * Hold on! here's a sixpence for the chestnut switch." We passed again through the surf, and had our "dinner and tea in one."

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

BY MARK LEMON.

The solemn words are said, "Let the sea receive the dead!
In its vast unfathomed bed, until Time shall be no more!"
The frothing of a wave? and the good, the kind, the brave,
Is in his ocean grave—all his storms of life are o'er.

His messmates stare with eyes of dull and long surprise,
That where their comrade lies not a trace should now be seen;
The waves still roll and leap o'er the chamber of his sleep,
Down, down, in the great deep, as though he had never been.

His messmates walk away, and in hoarse whispers say,
"God rest him!" So they pray. Who doubts their prayer is heard?
When seated at their mess they find one face the less;
Each shows his kind distress, though he does not speak a word.

Some think that when again they cross that restless main,
They'll look and look in vain for their messmate's place of rest;
And some will sadly sigh, and wish that when they die
In churchyard they may lie with those they have loved the best.

Death will not come and go without his fitting woe—
Methinks 'tis doubly so when he meets us on the sea:
The World is then so small, a Ship contains it all—
The dead man 'neath the pall! How large a part was he.

A PARISIAN STORY.

A young soldier of four-and-twenty, a lieutenant of artillery, has just married a banker's daughter, with 500,000 francs of dowry.

Lieutenant of artillery! Not a bad rank. Napoleon had the honor to bear it, and the grace to remember it.

At the Conference of Erfurt, during that congress of Emperors and Kings, become the simple satellites of Napoleon—one day at table they were speaking of the old Germanic Confederation, and especially of the famous Golden Bull of Rome. Its date was asked. There was a moment of silence; no one remembered it. Napoleon spoke:

"1356."

"What, sir!" cried a courtier king; "you know our history so well! When has your majesty found time to study it?"

"When I was a lieutenant of artillery," said the emperor.

The words produced a singular effect among those princes all born to the thrones. Napoleon perceived it, and repeated—

"When I had the honor to be a lieutenant of artillery."

Well, although the grade is a nice one, our lieutenant of artillery did not think it enough to win the hand of Mademoiselle ———; so he had never dreamed of asking it. But one day he was followed by an elderly gentleman, tall, thin, and blessed with a large pointed nose. This person followed him into the Gymnase Theatre, seated himself beside him, and drew him into conversation. The acquaintance was made. The long-nosed man visited him at his quarters, offered friendship, and one fine day said—

"I am interested in you—have a lively friendship for you. I must have you married."

"Nice proof of friendship," said the officer, laughing.

"My dear friend, there are marriages and—marriages. What would you say to 500,000 francs of dowry, with expectancies?"

The officer ceased laughing. In brief, the long-nosed man introduced him at the banker's. The officer pleased the daughter. The father shrugged his shoulders when a marriage was spoken of; but the man of the nose gave such excellent accounts of the young soldier, covered up his wild oats, exaggerated so well his merit and his virtues, had so many resources and ingenious stratagems at hand, that—the marriage soon took place. The lieutenant was astonished at such singular devotion, such a warmth of friendship. The day after the wedding, the long-nose called to see him.

"My dear friend," said the bridegroom, "I shall never forget what you have done for me. I shall always hold you in remembrance. My wife is charming; I am desperately in love with her."

"And the dowry?"

"That spoils nothing. But fancy my happiness! I would gladly have wedded without that."

"Come, come! no nonsense. What should I have done?"

"How—you?"

"You speak of remembering me—"

"Oh! Can I have the pleasure of rendering you pecuniary service?"

"Certainly. A service for which I will give you a receipt. You will do me the kindness to pay these acceptances, signed by you, amounting to sixty-three thousand six hundred and eighty-two francs, sixty-five centimes, interest and expenses included. I could have arrested you, or attached your pay, which would have cancelled the debts in about three or four thousand years. I preferred to have you married. Was it not better?"

The lieutenant came down from the clouds. This friend, benefactor, was not an angel, only—a creditor!

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy shall meet him everywhere. —*The Persian.*

FIRST LOVE AND FIFTH HUSBAND.

The Bucyrus (Ohio) Journal gives the following romantic history of a marriage which it publishes:—

Twelve years ago the bride was a young lady of twenty, the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Washington, Pa. In her father's employ was a young man named Robert ———, who, the young lady being bewitchingly beautiful, as in duty bound, fell desperately in love with her. She reciprocated the attachment, and they were betrothed. Unfortunately, the young lady's father entered his protest against this pleasant arrangement, and accordingly the happy couple put off the happy day indefinitely. About a year afterwards she received a most tempting proposal, which, urged by her father, she accepted, and, to the eternal despair of poor Robert, was married. But alas for the poor bridegroom! Scarcely three months had elapsed when a kick from a vicious horse killed him. Robert consoled the widow, and determined, at the end of a year or two, to marry her. He had too much respect for her to press his suit immediately, and did not for fifteen months, when he proposed. To his horror, she informed him that she was already engaged, and that in three months more her second marriage would be consummated.

Two years passed. In the meantime the widow and her husband removed to Syracuse, N. Y., and Robert, possessed by some strange hallucination, followed them. That season the cholera swept that city, and among its victims was the second husband. Robert allowed a year to pass, and was on the point of urging his claims, when he received an invitation to the wedding! She was to be married to her late husband's partner. Robert remonstrated. The lady assured him that her present step was not one of love, but purely of necessity.—The partnership affairs of her late lamented were in such a state that settlement was impossible, and to save immense losses, she had determined upon marrying the surviving partner. She assured him also, that her sentiments towards him were unchanged, and that should she ever become a widow again, she would give him the preference. She was married, and in a short time removed with her third husband to Detroit, Mich.

But fatality seemed to pursue her. Herself and husband were on board a steamer that was wrecked near Buffalo some years since. The husband perished, and she escaped only through the superhuman exertions of a friend who happened to be on board. The friend was young, unmarried, and his gallantry inspired such sentiments in the breast of the widow, that she married him before Robert had time to claim her. When he learned the state of affairs, he was somewhat indignant, but she told him the circumstances, and managed to satisfy him with the promise that if she ever became widowed again, she would most positively marry him.—The lady, with her fourth husband, settled upon a farm near Buoyrus, while Robert removed to Mansfield, that he might be near her. In the course of a year they removed to Pittsburg, where the husband went into mercantile business on Liberty street—residing, however, in Alleghany City. Robert followed them, and finding employment, determined to watch the chances closely. One day he was passing the store of Mr. ———, when he saw a terrible commotion. Rushing in he saw Mr. ——— a mangled corpse upon the floor. A cask of rice which was being hoisted, had fallen and killed him instantly. He inquired if any one had been sent to acquaint his wife of the accident, and was told that the first clerk had just started.—Looking once more at poor Mr. ———, to make sure that he was perfectly dead, Robert started to Alleghany as fast as his legs could carry him. The first clerk was only a trifle ahead of him, and Robert, knowing the importance of being in time from past experience, and fearing that the clerk had designs upon the widow, ran like an Indian. Side by side they ran until they reached the Hand Street Bridge.—The clerk was obliged to stop to make change, while Robert, who paid by the year, passed without delay. He reached the house, told the heart rending news, and obtained a solemn pledge from the widow before the clerk arrived. This time she was true to her promise, and after a year had passed, they were married.—As all her husbands died wealthy, Robert is very comfortably fixed. His history shows what perseverance will accomplish.

IN AND OUT OF OFFICE.—Lord Lyndhurst—the Boston lord—tells a good story apropos of his surrender of the Great Seal, in 1848, showing the relative importance of the Ins and Outs.

"When I went to the palace," says his lordship, "I alighted at the grand stair-case; I was received by the sticks gold and silver, and other officers of the household, who called, in sonorous tones, from landing to landing, and apartment to apartment, 'Room for the Lord High Chancellor of England;' I entered the presence chamber; I gave the seals to her majesty; I had the honor of kissing her hand; I left the apartment by another door, and found myself on a back stair-case down which I descended without any one taking any notice of me, until, as I was looking for my carriage at the outer door, a lacquey bustled up, and, with a patronizing air, said, 'Lord Lyndhurst, can I do anything for you?'"

SHELLEY'S LIBRARY.—Shelley's library was a very limited one. He used to say that a good library consisted not of many books, but a few chosen ones; and, being asked what he considered such, he said: "I'll give you my list—catalogue it can't be called: the Greek Plays, Plato, Lord Bacon's Works, Shakspeare, the Old Dramatists, Milton, Goethe, Schiller, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccacio, Machiavelli, and Guicciardini—not forgetting Calderon; and last, yet first, the Bible. It is not meant that this was all his collection. He had read few English works of the day; scarcely a novel except Walter Scott's, for whose genius he had sovereign respect; Anastasius, by which he thought Lord Byron profited in his Don Juan; and the Promessi Sposi. In speaking of Hope and Manzoni, he said, "that one good novel was enough for any man to write, and he thought both judicious in not risking their fame by a second attempt."

COLONEL BENTON'S OPINION OF THE AUTHORSHIP OF "JUNIUS."

In the forthcoming Volume VII. of Benton's "Abridgement" there is the following note to a speech of Mr. Randolph, in which Mr. R. spoke of a repetition by "Junius" of a remark of Lord Chatham. If the puzzle is not yet received of the authorship of "Junius," this terse and vigorous summing up of one of the theories is unmistakably characteristic of the Thirty Years' Senator, and not unworthy of either the real or here supposed author of the celebrated letters:

"When the author of this Abridgment (says Colonel Benton) was ten years old, which was in the last decade (borrowing Livy's division of time in the expression) of the last century, and before enlightened writers had thrown darkness on the authorship of Junius, it was well conceded that there was but one man in England, or the world, who united in himself all the qualities of head, heart, and temper, all the incidents of political and personal life, which the writing of those letters required; but one man who had such power to drive the English language, such knowledge of men and things, such amplitude of information, such lofty and daring spirit, such inducement to publish his thoughts and conceal his name, an oratorical fame already so great as to set him above the assumption of that of Junius, great as it was. That one man was Lord Chatham, then old, and out of favor with the King and dominant parties; relegated (by his peerage) to that 'Hospital of Incurables,' the House of Lords, whence no patriot voice could reach the Commons of England; retired to his country seat at Hayes, and all visitors shut out; discontented, despairing, restless, and seeing no way to reach the people but through the press, and by means of appeals, bold to audacity, patriotic to temerity, and the more impressive because shrouded in the mystery of an unknown origin. So stood Lord Chatham and Junius in the latter part of the century in which they lived, convertible characters, identical in person."

WITHHOLDING CORN.

Between eighty and ninety years ago there lived, in the Connecticut River Valley, two farmers, one of whom was named Hunt, and the other Clark. The former in early life, had been a man of strong will and somewhat hasty and violent temper. Sometimes he had been seen beating his oxen over their heads with the handle of his whip in a way to excite the pity of the bystanders, and when expostulated with, he excused himself by saying that he had the most fractious team in town. By-and-by an alteration took place in the temper of farmer Hunt. He became mild, forbearing, and what was most remarkable, his oxen seemed to improve in disposition at equal pace with himself.

Farmer Hunt joined the church and was an exemplary man. His neighbors saw the change both in himself and his team. It was a marvel to the whole town. One of his townsmen asked him for an explanation. Farmer Hunt said, "I have found out a secret about my cattle. Formerly they were unmanageable. The more I whipped and clubbed them the worse they acted. But now, when they are contrary I go behind my load, sit down and sing Old Hundred, and strange as it may appear, no sooner have I ended than the oxen go along as quietly as I could wish. I don't know how it is, but they really seem to like singing."

In the course of a few years the two farmers were chosen deacons of the church, and they both adorned their profession. About the time of their election a grievous famine prevailed in the valley, and the farmers generally were laying up their corn to plant the ensuing season. A poor man, living in the town, went to Deacon Hunt and said, "I have come to buy a bushel of corn. Here is the money. It is about all I can gather." The deacon told him he could not spare a bushel for love or money. He was keeping double the usual quantity for seed corn the next year, and had to stint his own family. The man urged his suit in vain. At last he said, "Deacon, if you do not let me have the corn I shall curse you." "Curse me!" replied the deacon, "how dare you do so!" "Because," said the man, "the Bible says so." "Nonsense," exclaimed Deacon Hunt; "there is no such thing in the Bible." "Yes there is," replied the poor man. "Well, said the deacon, "if you can find any such text, I'll give you a bushel of corn." They went into the house, when the poor man went to the old family Bible, turned to Prov. 11; 26, and read, "He that withholdeth corn the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."

The deacon was fairly caught. "Come along," said he, "and I will be as good as my word." He took him to the corn-house, measured out a full bushel of corn, helped the man put it into his bag, assisted him to put it on his shoulder, and just before his departure, being somewhat of a wag, he said with a twinkle of the eye, "I say, neighbor, after you have carried this corn home, go up to Deacon Clark, and curse him out of another bushel."

AUSTRALIAN FLOWERS.—Colonel Mundy tells us that the native rose has the color but no other resemblance to the European queen of flowers. It is one of the few field flowers possessing any odor. Wafted on the passing gale, it commends itself pleasantly to the senses; but strange enough, on closer acquaintance, there mingles with the rich perfume an undoubted smell of fox! a scent which, however productive of rapture in "the field," is hardly adapted to the boudoir. In the low lands of the Botany scrub I noticed a crimson and orange flower, like the fox-glove in form, very handsome, but so hard and horny in texture, that the blossoms actually ring with a clear metallic sound as the breeze shakes them. It might be the fairies' dinner bell, calling them to dew and ambrosia! But, alas! there are no "good people" in Australia! no one ever heard of a ghost, a bogie, or a fetch here.

☞ A lame attorney wanted to be enrolled in a volunteer corps. "You'd never do, Peter," said the officer to whom he applied for admission: "the more we told you to march, the more you'd *halt*."

THE PATTER OF LITTLE FEET.

Up with the sun at morning
Away to the garden he flies,
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes
Running a race with the wind,
With a step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

Now to the brook he wanders,
In swift and noiseless flight,
Splashing the sparkling ripples
Like a fairy water-sprite.
No sand under fabled river
Has gleams like his golden hair,
No pearly sea-shell is fairer
Than his slender ankles bare;
Nor the rosiest stem of coral
That blushes in ocean's bed,
Is sweet as the flush that follows
Our darling's airy tread.

From a broad window my neighbor
Looks down on our little cot,
And watches the "poor man's blessing"—
I cannot envy his lot.
He has pictures, books, and music,
Bright fountains, and noble trees,
Flowers that blossom in roses,
Birds from beyond the seas:
But never does childish laughter
His homeward footsteps greet,
His stately halls ne'er echo
To the tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "speaking picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings,
Sometimes a sleeping cherub—
(Our other one has wings.)
His heart is a charmed casket,
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
And no harp-strings hold such music
As follows his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the City
Whose Builder and Maker is God,
Close to the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl,
The eyes of our other angel—
A twinborn little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright,
So that I be accounted worthy
To walk in sandals of light,
And hear amid songs of welcome
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of Heaven,
The patter of little feet.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

The coast-side of the Blue Mountains, or as they are now called, Australian Alps, at the point due east of Sydney, is between forty and fifty miles from the coast; in many places further north and south, the foot of the lowest hills is laved by the main. The Bathurst road crosses the eastern brow at about the first of those points. As the traveller descends it, a fine river is seen winding along at the base of the declivity; and everywhere, as far as his eye can reach, a region rich in meadows and arable fields, in orchards and homesteads, and choicest woodland pastures, opens before him. He wonders if the works he sees can be the product of three-quarters of a century.

Besides the main branch of the Hawkesbury River, flowing here and there at the confines of the Alpine region, there are other but smaller ones, whose course is through some of the wildest parts of the region itself. Crossing the main river I lingered for a short time, my money still holding out, at one of the village settlements, and then continued to follow a minor branch of the stream for a few days. I was led to do so by the accounts given me of the incredible richness of the soil, the luxuriant crops, and the peaceful, prosperous life of the settlers.

I found the account that had been given me by no means exaggerated. The soil was of unparalleled fertility, and the geometrical conformation of the surface such as to give the fullest effect to the fostering qualities of the climate. The stream wound along through narrow winding gorges; the hills now approaching the water so closely as to constitute the bank; now sweeping back so as to leave cliff-fenced flats, in size ranging mostly from ten acres up to fifty. The warmth of the sun, here reflected from the hill-sides, caused a high temperature of the air and soil, whilst the rich soil itself was fed with constant moisture by its proximity to the level of the stream and the underground drain from the hills.

Here had settled numbers of the freed convicts; many of whom, whilst under sentence, were the greatest "out-and-outers" in the country. It was allowed to any freed man in those times to present himself at the Female Factory, and on setting that he wished to obtain a wife, make his selection. The women of the "first class," i. e., such as were under no colonial sentence, were *paraded*, and the determined repentant of bachelorism signified his choice. If the highly favored object of it reciprocated the election, a day was appointed and the marriage ceremony performed. In this way great numbers of these hapless women, very soon after arriving in the colony, exchanged the sad doom of an imprisoned convict for the position of a wife in a prosperous and comfortable home. It was one of the few merciful arrangements which entered into the general system of convict management, and, like all merciful methods, blessed in the main were its results. Both parties saw how much there could be gained by proper conduct, and were assiduous to secure it. Both had been convicts: if the woman had sacrificed her integrity, the man had been a ruffian and a thief. Neither could reproach the other. The past must be a sealed book to both: so much the more must they set store by the future. And not rarely was there a very comfortable home for the woman to take charge of: and the wife could find soft places in hearts that to down trampling society, and Courts of Justice and penal officials, were nothing but so much solid steel and adamant. The man on his part had perhaps toiled on alone in the woods, either as ticket-of-leave holder or freed man for several years, till he had got together his herd of two or three hundred head of horned cattle, and had grain-ground in abundance under cultivation, with his four or five hundred dollars in the bank. From such an origin arose some of the finest families, in both a philanthropical and mental point of view, to be found in Australia below the better educated class. I have never heard or seen the fact noticed out of the colony, but it is one well known within it, that the stature of the native born men of Australia, and the gracefulness of the females, is of very peculiar order; and that from convict-blood, on either or both sides, has sprung much more than the average of the strength and beauty of the colony. Probably the climate is one of the causes: and another may be found in the excess of innate vitality which usually accompanies and perhaps partly causes, a lawless and forcible character.

But, beneficially as the system worked as a whole, it had its episodes. Many a child was growing up there whose sire had fought with gnashing teeth on the deck of privateer and pirate, or trained to arms on the midnight heath; many a one whose mother had cast away wealth and health and name and fame for love, and evermore, be she where she might, or what she might, or who she might, must carry within her heart an invisible lord of different stamp from the class into whose ranks she had fallen. There was one wild tale from their earliest times that may be worth the telling.

A young midshipman in the British navy, for some complicity in a mutiny, overt or constructive, was transported to Sydney. Soon after his arrival, a friend of his family in the colony procured his assignment to his service. This gentleman had a grain mill on the road from the distant interior to Sydney; and to it the young man was sent to act as clerk. To this mill, on his way to Sydney, with grain, came at times an old settler from the region above described, leaving his sack of wheat to be ground for home use against his return.—With him also sometimes came his daughter, a girl of some seventeen years of age. The young midshipman and the settler's daughter preferred each other, and for a while all went well. The youth was to have (sent him from Europe) any funds he needed so soon as he could obtain a ticket of leave; and it was a frequent thing for free born girls to marry young men still under sentence, making, indeed, a strange legal jumble as to authority in the marriage state, but therewithal, it is said, some very happy marriages. Old Daley was well satisfied—though of considerable property himself—and the mother of the young girl was deceased.—Sister or brother also she had none. Three years passed, and Nance was become the finished and graceful woman. Her mother had been one of those whose fall is from the upper sphere, never to be forgotten, a sentence of early death as irreversible as the law of the Medes and Persians; but she had lived long enough to make her daughter, even in those rude wildernesses, not far unlike herself in all feminine tastes and capacities. At this juncture, Nance about twenty, the young midshipman within a short period of attaining his ticket-of-leave, there occurred between them one of those "old-world" affairs, a lover's quarrel—"initium amoris."—So for some weeks Nance would not go to market with her father. At length it became too bad: and one night after a day when Daley had passed down the road to market alone, the clerk took one of his employer's horses out of the stable, and rode off to the Cedar Tree Gulley to make his peace. As he came back, light-hearted, but much too late, for the day had dawned, a constable,* whose station he had to pass, was up, saw him, and took him into custody for being at large without a pass. At the court his case went hard; ranging about in the night (said the hoof tracks) for many a mile away from where he ought to have been, with no pass, on no errand that he dared to tell. His employer, who himself looked on the offence very leniently, did all he could to keep him; but in vain. All he could accomplish was an abatement of the sentence. Instead of being consigned to the Convict Barrack at head-quarters, with fifty lashes, the prisoner was sent there without.—This was all; and this the young man knew was but a protraction. He knew that the first time he happened to annoy some tyrannical overseer, the infamous sentence would reach him. How had he deserved this state of things? Was this the fruit of four years' faultless and assiduous conduct? Where was the enormous offence that had incurred it? *Whom had he wronged, in fact? Where lay his sin of purpose?* Gentle blood could have faced the cell or the rack or death—but the infamous lash! No! So away he went, the first chance he could get, into the woods. Next morning, when Nance goes to the spring a little way off in a shady covert of the woods, for water for breakfast, she finds her lover there before her. The tale is brief and plain; and she who has lived her whole life in the convict country, understands it all, and knows its truth and meaning to the full. But she bears it bravely and well. No sobs, no paroxysms. Only for that tigress glance of the eye, and the curl and tremulousness of that exquisitely feminine upper lip, and all respiration through the dilated nostrils, you might think she had listened to nothing more than some ordinary "good-morning" from a neighbor. Before leaving, she takes him to the best place of concealment nigh at hand. The wearied youth soon sleeps. In his dream there is the tread of light feet around him, and the wafting of garments at his side, and a strange Elysian sensation almost pains his temples and forehead, and mingling queerly with these more celestial things, there are visions of oxen roasting whole, and substantial bread and many other viands, such as cream and the Chinese herb, and the like. When he awakes, the sun is high, the dew is gone, and, strange to tell, some provident angel *has* been there; for on a snow-white cloth, close to his head, are food profuse and condiments innumerable. At night Nance comes again, and the dread scroll is read once more. She says he has done well—right well. She would rather kill him herself—kill him with her own hands—than he should be tied up and flogged. "Better," he says, "so his mind, the death-dealing bullet." "Better," she says, "to here also." But the fountain of tears will remain shut up no longer; and she has to sob long and bitterly before the anguish will depart. The outlaw now speaks of his purpose. Once a month or so he will come to see his angel: the rest of the time range the bush; if no questions are asked him where he may happen to go in, but hospitable food proffered, he will take it and do no wrong to any one. If no one gives him food of free will, he will find some who shall furnish it against their will. But Love, ever more provident for others than for itself, says, By no means. The plan savors too much of peril. And there is no need of it. Another tempest of tears and sobs, and the penitent hiding of her face in the bosom of her heart's earth-walking god. "Who brought about all this ruin?" she asks. "Was it not herself—her own vain caprice? her badness, not his? No, he cannot go away again; they must live or die together. As for his maintenance, who is the mistress of that well-stocked farm but herself? If it were ten times as much what would she be giving but her own? As for shelter, many a day of her girlhood did she spend in gathering flowers and looking for beautiful birds in the woods behind the farm, where no trail yet pierced, where there is no settler for fifty miles back. And many a fastness she knows of where an army might lie concealed; many a gibber-gunyah* up among the crags of the ravines, where a shelf of rock juts out and forms a roof and a chamber, impervious alike to rain and sun-heat. If his doom must be the jail, she will be his jailor herself; and will come on the morrow and incarcerate him in due form. And so the matter rests. Henceforth, when the old settler drives his dray-load of grain to Sydney market, he goes alone. And when he gets back he has long tales to tell of the folks' surmises about the mill clerk; and how most people think he must have ingratiated himself with some son of the ocean like himself, and got on board a vessel and escaped. "Those American skippers always do this kind of thing when they can get a chance, to spite the English Government,"—Nance listening, with many a grave "*Indeed!*" For, all these times, the old man, who is a hard drinker when he begins, tarries his homeward way at one tavern after another, till his return is protracted till the second and often the third morning; and then the prisoner comes forth after nightfall, when there is no further chance of travellers, and sits with his jailor in the house; or if the moon is about the full, they walk among the tall corn rows, or by the river bank, watch the beams wimpling on the water or glinting high on forest crag of the opposite hills. And so the year rolls on, and the months speed fast away. But times are when, weary of the out-door scenes, and chill with the midnight air, they go in and sit in the shadow of the hut.—No fear of surprise; for her watchdog, strong and terrible, needs but a word from her to tear down a dozen men. Yet, yet they linger; for which shall say the first adieu? And so the year rolls on, and the months speed fast, ah! far too fast, away. Daley wonders at the easy unconcern with which Nance hears all his stories about her former lover; but he wonders still more as he sees that as the quick months speed on, the unconcern disappears, and a trembling nervousness and a look of dreadful pain take its place whenever he mentions him. For a few weeks he foregoes the subject. And the year rolls on; and the quick months speed fast, alas! alas! how far too fast, away! Daley is a shrewd old man; and proposes to his daughter a match that he has half-made for her—more than half-made—with a soulless lout, half-idiot, the only son of an old and miserly settler almost at his last breath, a few farms below them on the stream. His daughter says it cannot be. One day—such as comes but once or twice in a human life—bitterest ire on the one part, wildest despair on the other. The sun sinks low, and the old man leaves her and goes out for his milking herd. When he comes back, the door is closed; even the dog is not there. He listens at the threshold—a minute—two minutes; all still as the grave within. He turns and looks everywhere in an instant. All still; even the encircling woods move not; but seem as if they had a consciousness and a power of looking at him as one looks who is commissioned to utter, but cannot utter, some dreadful tidings. He lifts the latch and staggers forward. No Nance; some clothing gone; a little billet on the table: "Father, farewell! May God forgive and bless you!" Of the old man, tradition says no more. But that night Nance also was a bushranger. Whilst she could, she had fed her mate; and now the young man thinks it is his turn to feed her. His tools that he works with are a horse and a carbine. And so the year rolls on and the months have sped away. As yet their hiding-place has remained unsuspected by the police. Only a few of the old Indians, who have known Nance from her childhood, have visited them. Some of these, however have stayed with her awhile when left otherwise alone; and to one old crone she had thoughtlessly given some cast off garments. One night, in the winter weather, the rain falling with ceaseless patter on the leaves, the night blank and starless, the trees swaying and moaning, moist everywhere, the voices of the wind down in the gorges of the mountain mingling into huge diapason, and pealing up to their eyrie like some great organ tone; the grim old dog, who is lying with his head between his paws beside the fire at the mouth of the gunyah, suddenly springs to his feet, uttering sullen, stifled growls. A fiercer growl, and he stands bristled like a thing of iron, his hair bristling, and his eyes fixed peering through the mist down toward the hill's base. Nance, who is sitting wrapped up in a monkey-jacket from the chill night air, singing low lullabies to a little sleeper on a couch by her side, knows too well the token. Springing up, she seizes a bucket of water, and pours it on the fire. Instantly, through the sudden darkness and flying ashes and sputtering steam, the report of a musket, and that low, sad, musical moan with which the fatal missive sends brief warning of its approach to the ear of the doomed. One scream only has she time to utter—"My babe! my babe! oh, save my babe!"—ere she falls into his arms, her warm life-blood deluging him from a great wound in her neck, where the death tool has cut its way and passed on. The rain has ceased; there is silence and darkness on the hillside, deeper darkness and silence down in the dells below: only that the stars, in countless throng, now glimmer through the leaves; and that now and then some bough too saturated for its strength, gives way and falls with sullen crash to the earth;—earth, ancient mother of all living forms, whose still and peaceful bosom evermore invites her worn and wearied offspring to repose. It is long, long past midnight; far on toward the break of day, if it be not the first faint twilight that even now streaks the horizon yonder in the east. One of those prostrate forms will rise no more till it arises to immortality; but in the other the syncope is giving way before a faint but increasing spark of mortal vitality. He is conscious of being alive, but no more; next he knows that a great dog lies moaning at his head, with moans almost human; by-and-by an infant's feeble wail reaches his ear and wrings his heart till he is fairly back into life and consciousness, and feels and recognises the priceless relic around which his arms are clasped.—Oh, that strange day! that long, long, dreary day!—that strange carrying off of the living and the dead into darker depths of the wilderness!—and the burial and the nursing, with no eye looking on but that of pitying God! If the man-hunters ever went again, they would find no fire at the gibber-gunyah to guide their aim. Let us hope that even they were misled by the masculine garment the young mother had put on to shield her from the chill air of the stormy night. If the shriek of the murdered scared them not away forever, they would find the hill unscaleable from below: and if they found the path from above to the spot, there their search might stop; for, in such a case, the Indians, profoundly scrupulous where the civilized man has often lost every faculty of an unperverted humanity, would not track for them. The outlaw was heard of in those parts no more. But years afterwards those bones were tenderly exhumed from their lonely resting place through many a long day of sultry summer heat, and many a night of howling, wintry storm in a solitary dell of the Cedar Tree gulley, and taken on board a ship just on the eve of sailing for some distant part of the globe. And with them went two persons, who had only a few days before arrived:—the one a gentleman yet in mid-life, but grave and care-worn; the other a young lady of resplendent beauty, some sixteen or seventeen years of age, with the same rich, brown eyes as the old settler's daughter. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

* Aboriginal—Rock-house

GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

Oh, hearts that never cease to yearn!
Oh, brimming tears that ne'er are dried!
The dead, tho' they depart, return
As if they had not died!

The living are the only dead;
The dead live—nevermore to die;
And often when we mourn them fled
They never were so nigh!

And tho' they lie beneath the waves,
Or sleep within the churchyard dim—
(Ah! thro' how many different graves
God's children go to Him!)

Yet every grave gives up its dead
Ere it is overgrown with grass!
Then why should hopeless tears be shed,
Or need we cry Alas!

Or why should memory, veiled with gloom,
And like a sorrowing mourner craped,
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb
Whose captives have escaped!

'Tis but a mound—and will be mossed
Where'er the summer grass appears;
—The loved, though wept, are never lost;
We only lose our tears.

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead,
By bending forward where they are;
But Memory, with a backward tread,
Communes with them afar!

The joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more;
—We look behind us for the Past,
But lo! 'tis all before!

KISSING IN PARIS.

Paris ought to be a perfect Paradise to young bachelors who are fond of kissing the ladies, according to a letter of a correspondent, writing from there. Our correspondent says:

"The almost universal custom of kissing, in Paris, seems at first singular to a stranger, coming from a country where the proprieties of life rarely permit you to take a lady's hand, much less to salute her. In France, to kiss a lady with whom you are not intimate, on meeting her, is very common; especially is this the case if she is a married lady. Not only the members of the family, but all the guests, expect invariably to salute the lady of the house on coming down in the morning. But, though the modest American may, perhaps, escape the ceremony on ordinary occasions, yet, on New Year's morning, it is imperative. On that morning I came down to my coffee about nine o'clock.

"I sat down, quietly bidding Madame *bon jour*, as on ordinary occasions. In a few moments she was at my elbow, with

"'Mons. B., I am angry with you.'

"I expressed, of course, a regret and ignorance of having given her any reason.

"'Ah!' said she, 'you know very well the reason. It is because you did not embrace me, this morning, when you came down.'

"Madame was a lady of, perhaps, twenty-eight, with jet black, glossy hair, and a clear, fair complexion. She was very beautiful—had she been plain, I should have felt less embarrassed. She waited, as though expecting me to atone for my neglect; but how could I before the whole table? I sat, all this time, trembling in my seat. At length Madame said:

"'Mons. B., *embrasez moi.*'

"The worst had come. I arose trembling, put my white, bloodless lips, all greasy with butter and wet with coffee, (for in my embarrassment I had dropped my napkin,) to those of Madame. This was my first French kiss."

Poor fellow! We can imagine his embarrassment just as well as if we had been present. In the same predicament we should have fainted—in the lady's arms.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

☞ Shaving the beard is a lie against our own faces, and an impious attempt to improve the works of the Creator.—*Tertullian.*

AARON BURR.

The Southern Literary Messenger for the current month has a very able and interesting article on Aaron Burr. The paper bears internal evidence of being the work of Henry T. Tuckerman. The following anecdotes from the essay are new and are commended to the reader's attention:—

One of the most distinctly remembered journeys of our boyhood was to the British Provinces, returning via Maine. One summer day, at the hotel in Portland, with the urbanity which distinguished old school landlords, the host came into the parlor—exclaiming, "come here, my lad, I've something to show you:" accompanying him to the porch he pointed out the erect and somewhat diminutive figure of a man, whose round, low hat, plainly-cut, mulberry-colored frock coat, and immovable aspect, suggested, at the first glance, the idea of a Quaker; hair of snowy whiteness, a good profile and keen eye were next obvious; he stood at an angle of the street, and people continually passed him; he looked straight forward, whether in reverie or expectancy did not appear; "mark him well," said Boniface, "you will hear of him when you are older: that is Aaron Burr, who shot General Hamilton." From that moment an ardent curiosity to know the details of this event, and a permanent association therewith of the staid, venerable and solitary figure, of which we had caught this vivid glimpse, gave a "local habitation" in our memory to the name of the second Vice President of the United States. Accordingly no opportunity was lost for gaining anecdotes of one of the few historical personages visible to juvenile eyes. These were singularly at variance with each other, yet all characteristic.

A medical contemporary of the old man, told us how startled he was when administering to a dying patient on a wintry night, to have his vigil disturbed by the entrance of a gentleman, whose costume and greeting were thoroughly courtier-like; he was followed by a negro bearing a tray with wine and soup, covered with a napkin; the roar of the tempest outside, the lateness of the hour, the contrast between this etiquette and the abject misery of the apartment and wretched end of the patient—who, though highly connected, was an outcast because of a long career of improvidence and dissipation—struck the good doctor as highly dramatic; and this impression was enhanced when the unexpected visitor announced himself as Col. Burr, well known to have been the boon companion of the dying man when he lived by his wits abroad, and indulged in a "lark" at home. "Poor Bill!" said the courteous comrade, "can nothing be done for him?" He received a negative reply with perfect composure, regarded the sufferer awhile, and then went through an elaborate farewell to the physician, leaving on that worthy's mind a bewildering impression of charitable intentions and heartless courtesy.

In direct contrast with this amiable phase of character was the next personal reminiscence we heard. Among the many funeral sermons elicited by Hamilton's death, one delivered by a Philadelphia clergyman was remarkable for the severe anathemas pronounced upon his antagonist. As a specimen of rhetorical invective the discourse became famous, and was largely quoted in the journals and disseminated through the country. Many years after, its author received a letter appealing to him as the almoner of many wealthy denizens in the city of brotherly love, to furnish pecuniary aid in a case where the previous high standing and prosperity of the individual, (represented as an accomplished lady,) made a more public application offensive both to pride and delicacy. The clergyman promptly called at the house, had an interview with the unfortunate, and promised, if possible, to obtain the requisite sum to relieve her immediate wants, from some rich and liberal members of his church. Her apparently comfortable situation was explained as the result of temporary kindness; and the melancholy of the fair petitioner, as well as her evident accomplishments, stimulated the good pastor to exertion, and, in a week, he wrote her that the money was at her disposal; she declined coming for it, and begged her benefactor to visit her at a certain hour the next day, and deliver the gift entrusted to him as well as give her the benefit of his advice in a plan she had formed for her own future and honorable subsistence.

At the appointed time the clergyman entered the drawing-room, and, while awaiting the lady, took up a beautiful edition of Horace, his favorite classic, from the centre-table; surprised to find marginal notes, indicative of the most tasteful erudition, in a female hand, his wonder increased when the object of his kind efforts appearing, confessed herself the author; an animated conversation ensued, and so interested was the visitor in the novel experiment of a learned discussion with one of the gentler sex, that he was not at first aware that she had gradually drawn nearer and nearer to him, and her manner exhibited a sudden *empressement*; raising his eyes in perturbation, as the idea occurred to him, he caught sight in the mirror, of a face peering through the slightly open door at his back, which, at his quick movement, was instantly withdrawn. Though naturally of an unsuspicious temper, he felt a glow of indignation at the mere idea of having had his confidence and the benevolence of his friends abused and laying down the money, took a formal and somewhat abrupt leave. It so happened his next engagement was at the studio of a fashionable artist, to whom he was sitting for his picture. While arranging his colors the painter rallied his subject on the absent mood he was in, whereupon the clergyman described the scene he had just passed through, and the unpleasant doubts it had excited in his mind. The artist grew serious in a moment, and asked for a particular description of the lady; he then begged his auditor not to speak of the matter until he heard from him, as a clue to the mystery had suggested itself. The artist was not deceived; the "indigent lady" was one of Burr's creatures; she confessed to having, at his instigation, planned to entrap the clergyman and compromise his position, in order to revenge the bitter homily launched years before at the destroyer of Hamilton.

Our limits do not allow us to make so extended extracts from this article as we could wish. We have only room for the closing passage:

When he lay in his cradle, his mother wrote: "Aaron is very ally and resolute;" and eighty years after, when he was passing away, he spoke politely of dying "game;" herein we have the clue to the whole labyrinth of his existence; pluck, ingenuity and engaging manners were his armor, creed, instinct, reliance; not without efficiency at crises and for temporary ends, admirable means of success in war and intrigue, but the most undesirable combination for permanent and satisfactory triumphs—alien to the manly trust, to the frank enjoyments, and to the moral security wherein true fame and genuine love are forever entrenched. They account for all that Burr did and failed to do: for his repute as a young soldier; his success in gallantry; his attainment of the second office in the gift of the people after only four years political probation, and the total loss of the confidence of his party in almost the same brief period of time; for his ill-starred Mexican expedition, for his generosity as a donor and his unreliability as a debtor, for the suspicion he excited in men, and the favor he won from women, for the cool premeditation of his duel and his indifference to consequences—moral, social and physical; for his derogation of Washington, and his admiration of French philosophers, for his frivolous talk, and his studied manners, for his fortitude and his skepticism, for his legal shrewdness and social plausibility, for his agreeability in the *salon* and his lonely old age, for his self-reliance and irreverent spirit, his fascination and his fate.

THE VAMPIRE'S BRIDAL.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis* is responsible for the following *raconte*, which Nimon believes to be as true—as true as all French stories are. In the Faubourg St Honore every one is talking of the approaching marriage of the Vampire:

"Who—what is the Vampire?

"The Vampire is a young Eastern prince—the finest waltzer in Europe. It is four years since a terrible adventure happened to him in London, which has invested him with a fearful and charming renown. The Prince G——, as we have said, was known as the first waltzer of the world; he could weary every partner; he would tire out every orchestra. One night, at a *fete* at Almacks, a young lady, beautiful as the English can be when they are lovely, but frail and pale, wished to waltz with him, and asked him to be her partner. This young lady was the daughter of a distinguished lord, who had recently returned from the Indies, where he had occupied a high position.

"The Prince waltzed with her; soon the other couples ceased; the Prince and Arabella alone continued. It seemed as if the Prince became possessed as he waltzed; his steps ceaselessly continued to increase their velocity, and the orchestra essayed in vain to follow.

"The young girl, her head drooping on the shoulder of the Prince, seemed in an ecstacy. One was startled at first by her pallor and her convulsed eyes, whose pupils almost disappeared beneath her eyelids; but one was reassured in hearing her voice, weakened by the harmonious whirlwind, murmur, between her pale lips:

"'Always! Always! Faster! Always! Faster still!'

"Very soon she ceased to speak.

"The Prince whirled on; all around held their breath, as if some terrible event had transpired; but they were stricken into immobility, and no one sought to stop the Prince, who waltzed on, waltzed always, carrying his partner inertly drooping, pliable as a gauze scarf in his strong arm. At last the musicians, out of breath, succumbed.

"The Prince ceased before the seat of the young lady, made her a profound bow, and released her. Arabella fell backwards on the floor.

"She was dead! During a quarter of an hour he had waltzed with a corpse!

"His misery was startling. All the women doated on him, and named him the Vampire.

"Women always love what they fear. There was not in London a single woman, not one of those charming models of the *Keepsake* and the *Book of Beauty*, who was not ready to have given him the half of her blood, if he had desired to drink it from her veins.

"The Vampire has sworn never to waltz again during his life, but all womankind were leagued to force him to break his oath. All wished to cast themselves headlong into that fantastic waltz, which was able to bring death!

"Alas! every time—before in London, and since at Paris—that he had waltzed with a lady, he had taken a sudden aversion to her, flying from her with a sort of terror, while the conquered waltzers bore ever after in the depths of their hearts, an empoisoned wound.

"The Vampire, or rather the Prince, is to marry Mdlle. Marest, the daughter of a manufacturer. This young girl, modest, and of singular beauty, three months ago attended a ball at the Duchess of S——'s.

"The Prince, attracted towards her, wished to engage her for a waltz.

"She refused. To-day she marries him.—Well! Nimon wishes her joy of her rotating, revolving, whirligig of a husband, her top-like spinning tee-to-tum of a spouse. For our American taste, we prefer our better halves—that is, I believe, matrimonially inclined people do—to be more solid and reliable business men than a Vampire waltzer would be apt to prove, and sensible girls prefer to live rather than die in the embrace of their idols—that is, I should think they would.

"If one wants to see whirling humanity, let him view the Shaker's fandango, or the Eastern spinning Dervishes. One don't usually care about employing a living curiosity as an every-day companion; each to his taste, however, even if one's taste happens to be a Vampire."

☞ Jerrold said to a very thin man, "Sir, you are like a pin, but without the head or the point."

☞ By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior.—*Lord Bacon.*

CONGRESSIONAL.

OREGON AND MINNESOTA.

THE FISHING BOUNTIES.

SENATE.

On the 15th, Mr. Gwin, of California, presented the memorial of the Legislature of California, calling on the Executive to take up the case of Juan Ensey, who was seized by an armed band of Mexicans in Arizona, and carried to Sonora, where he is still held captive.

The California delegation had written to President Comonfort, who gave orders to have the prisoner released, but his order being disregarded, he professed himself unable to enforce it.

Mr. Gwin spoke warmly on the subject of Mexican outrages on American citizens, and hoped, ere this Congress adjourn, the Government will send a ship of war to that coast to demand reparation. This prisoner is the only survivor who can testify to the Sonora massacre of Americans, by the very parties who invited them to Mexico.

The subject was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 17th, Mr. Seward, of New York, submitted the following:

Resolved, That the Committee on Foreign Relations be instructed to inquire whether any legislation is necessary to enable the President of the United States to protect American vessels against British aggression in the Gulf of Mexico or elsewhere, and to report by bill or otherwise.

The resolution, in consequence of the objection by Mr. Mason that the Senate has only newspaper information as yet, was temporarily laid over.

Mr. Shields, of Minnesota, presented a memorial from the Legislature of Minnesota, asking for the establishment of mail routes in that State.

On motion of Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, the Appropriation Bill was taken up and passed, substantially as reported from the Finance Committee.

The Senate went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

On the 18th, Mr Seward's, of New York resolution of inquiry in the British outrages in the Gulf, which was yesterday postponed, was to-day unanimously adopted.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, moved to take up the bill for the admission of Oregon into the Union as a State. Carried.

The pending motion was then offered by Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois that its consideration be postponed till December next.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, advocated the postponement in order that the enabling act may be passed and a census taken.

Mr. Gwin, of California, warmly urged the immediate admission of the State, and referred to the poll books to show that it has ample population, and that they are able to maintain a State Government. Referring to the clause in the Constitution prohibiting Chinamen from voting, Mr. Gwin defended it on the ground that the Chinese are a pestiferous, degraded, and slavish race, many of them slaves of masters in China, and that they take away the gold, while contributing nothing to the industry of the country. In California, their evidence is not received in courts; they are not citizens, and Oregon has done rightly in rejecting both Chinese and negroes.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, replied that every step in the formation of her Constitution, and the application for admission was legally submitted, and ratified by a majority of the people of Oregon. Why, then, should she not be admitted? Simply because she has not the requisite population. He believed that Oregon had more population than Kansas. It would be better to test the admission by a direct vote, for the motion to postpone till December, is merely equivalent to keeping her out. He was opposed to drawing distinctions between these two inchoate States of Oregon and Kansas. He was opposed to saying that one has a right to come in without sufficient population, and without an enabling act, and that the other shall not. With reference to the other subjects introduced into the debate, he cared nothing. The sovereignty of a State has a right to exclude Chinamen, if disposed to exclude them, and so with free negroes, and so with slavery. Every State has a right to admit or exclude them, and Mr. Douglas denied the right of Congress to decide on that question of policy. When a State comes for admission, she has a right to come with any Constitution that does not violate the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, said a few word respecting the treaty obligations with the Chinese.

Mr. Seward protested against making the admission of Oregon dependant upon the analogy between it and another State. He was determined on voting for the present admission apart from the question of its being a free State, by the fact that geographically and politically, Oregon is indispensable to the completion and boundary of this Republic. Mr. Seward favored the admission of Territories into the community of States as soon as they are fitted for it—the sooner they become more healthy and vigorous.

Mr. King, of New York, said he would vote for the bill, although, perhaps, her population was not sufficient. Referring to the Oregon Constitution, he said the disabilities imposed on the free blacks are too strin gent, but he himself was against too many free blacks in a State. It was for the benefit of both races that the white and black should live separate. He read a letter from a colored man on the subject of the establishment of a colored colony in South or Central America. He (Mr. King) agreed in this view, and considered that a black colony in Central America, receiving the aid and protection of this Government, would meet the interests of both races. The blacks have a prejudice against Liberia. He learned that the colored population had been considering the feasibility of some other plan, but their condition made it difficult for them to act in the matter. He would not suggest any means by which their movement could be carried out. It was for the States interested to take the proper steps, and he would give what support he could to any proposition having a practical form. Missouri was, perhaps, the locality to which it could be best considered, as a sentiment existed there towards emancipation.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, said he knew that the feeling of emancipation did not exist in Missouri, except to a limited extent, and among a few individuals. He knew the object of this movement of the Senator from New York, and desired to meet it on the threshold. It was intended to stir up and fan the flames of discord; to send not peace but a sword. The sentiment of Missouri was in favor of peace, but not of emancipation. Slave labor is profitable therein, and the number of slaves has increased.

Some further remarks were made, after which the motion that the consideration of the bill be postponed till December next was lost, by a vote of 16 yeas to 38 nays.

The bill was then reported without any but unimportant verbal amendments, and was finally passed—yeas 35, nays 17.

YEAS—Messrs. Allen, Bayard, Benjamin, Biggs, Bigler, Bright, Broderick, Brown, Cameron, Chandler, Collamer, Dixon, Doolittle, Douglas, Foote, Foster, Green, Gwin, Harlan, Houston, Johnson, Ark., Johnson, Tenn., Jones, King, Polk, Pugh, Sebastian, Slidell, Thompson of New Jersey, Toombs, Wright and Yulee—33.

NAYS—Messrs. Bell, Clay, Crittenden, Davis, Durkee, Fessenden, Fitzpatrick, Hale, Hamlin, Hammond, Henderson, Hunter, Iverson, Kennedy, Mason, Trumbull, and Wade—17.

Absentees—Messrs. Bates, Clark, Fitch, Mallory, Pearce, Reid, Sumner, Thompson, Ky., Thompson, N. J., and Wilson.

On motion of Mr. Douglas, the bill to run the boundary line of Texas, between the United States and Mexico, was taken up.

A brief debate ensued on the Committee on Territories' amendment, by which it is provided that the duty be limited to marking the boundary, without scientific resources. Bill, as amended, passed.

Mr. Gwin, of California, introduced a resolution for adjusting the difficulties with the republics of New Grenada, Nicaragua, and Mexico. Mr. Gwin said that he had, in the resolution, adhered to the language of Mr. Mason's recent resolution respecting Paraguay. These republics have trifled with us; they have not respected the treaties made by their ministers; they have insulted our government to such an extent that this country is becoming a by-word. No wonder that the Gulf swarms with British cruisers, while we have only the Fulton, an old ferry-boat, on those waters.

The resolution was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The Senate went into Executive Session, and, subsequently, adjourned.

On the 19th, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Esbertsee, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cram Shoal, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee of Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of British aggressions in the Gulf of Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, offered a resolution that the President communicate all the correspondence concerning the arrest of Gen. William Walker, and of the seizure of property belonging to persons under his command, by Commodore Paulding. Also, asking for information why certain correspondence on the subject was withdrawn from the files of the Navy Department.

Mr. Seward, of New York, called for the yeas and nays on the question of taking up the bill for the improvement of the harbor of Chicago, with the intention of making it a test vote whether the Senate will take up the harbor appropriation. Lost—yeas 22, nays 34.

The bill repealing the fishing bounties was then taken up, and a discussion ensued on the amendments to repeal the duties on salt and sugar.

The discussion was continued at much length by Messrs. Chandler, Davis, Simmons, Wilson, Shields, Sumner and others, and finally disposed of as follows. The amendment to the amendment repealing the duties on sugar, was lost—yeas 20, nays 27. The amendment to the bill repealing the duties on salt, was then lost—yeas 18, nays 41.

The bill being reported, Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, moved that it do not take effect till the 31st of December, 1862. Lost—yeas 26, nays 30. The bill therefore takes effect from December, 1859.

The bill was then passed by a vote of—yeas 30, nays 25, as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Bayard, Benjamin, Biggs, Bigler, Bright, Brown, Clay, Davis, Douglas, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Gwin, Hammond, Henderson, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson of Arkansas, Johnson of Tennessee, Jones, Mallory, Mason, Pearce, Polk, Pugh, Sebastian, Slidell, Thompson of New Jersey, Toombs, Wright and Yulee.

NAYS—Messrs. Allen, Bell, Broderick, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Crittenden, Dixon, Doolittle, Durkee, Fessenden, Foote, Foster, Hale, Hamlin, Harlan, Houston, King, Seward, Shields, Simmons, Stuart, Sumner, Wade and Wilson.

The absentees were as follows:—Messrs. Bates, Cameron, Fitch, Green, Kennedy, Reed, Thompson of Ky., and Trumbull.

The Homestead Bill was then taken up, on motion of Mr. Polk, of Tennessee, and several verbal amendments agreed to. Without action on the bill, the Senate adjourned.

On the 20th, the new Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, took his seat.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, from the Committee on Rivers and Harbors reported against a large number of public improvement petitions.

[Mr. Gwin's Pacific Railroad Bill was not taken up.]

The special order, Mr. Johnson's, of Tennessee, Homestead Bill, was then taken up, and advocated by him at length. Adjourned.

On the 21st, communications were received from the Secretary of War, conveying the latest information relative to the Utah expedition; and a recommendation for the expenditure of $100,000 for breech loading fire-arms for a portion of the army.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, introduced a bill to pay the Oregon and Washington Territory war claims. Referred to the Military Committee.

Mr. Wilson, Mass., submitted a resolution to print for the use of the Senate, 60,000 extra copies of the Patent Office Agricultural Report. Agreed to.

The Senate was occupied till the adjournment with private bills, forty or fifty of which were passed and the private calendar was almost cleared. None were of public interest, however, excepting a bill to repay the State of Maine for the expense of a regiment organized for the Mexican war. Adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 15th, Mr. Smith, of Illinois, from the Select Committee, to which the subject was referred, presented a bill to apportion the clerks and messengers of the several departments among the States and Territories, and the District of Columbia.

The bill for the relief of Barclay, Livingston and others, by refunding the duties on merchandise destroyed by the great fire in New York in 1845, was, after a lengthy debate, killed by 15 majority. Adjourned.

On the 17th, the House proceeded to the consideration of a resolution from the Committee of Accounts proposing the dismissal of Mr. Hackney, the doorkeeper of the House, for alleged official conduct. Passed, after considerable discussion, yeas 141, nays 34.

The Committee on the Judiciary was discharged from the further consideration of the memorial of William Alexander, asking the impeachment of Judge Watrous, of Texas. It was reported on adversely by the last Congress. Several other memorials, preferring charges, are still pending in the committee.

Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, asked leave to offer a joint resolution, laying down a line of policy in regard to the admission of new States, requiring as a condition precedent, an enabling act for framing a Constitution, and sufficient population for the election of one representative in Congress.

The House refused to suspend the rules for the purpose of introducing the proposition, the vote standing yeas 86, nays 89; a two-third vote being necessary for that purpose.

Mr. Morris, of Penna., asked leave to offer a resolution, setting forth that the existing tariff was found inadequate to supply the government with revenue, and is a source of embarrassment to the country, and instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill revising the tariff substituting home for foreign valuations, and specific for ad valorem duties, and so augmenting the duties on articles which come in competition with American manufacturers and products, as will afford increased protection to American industry and labor.

The House refused to suspend the rules—yeas 86, nays 101.

On motion of Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, a resolution was adopted calling on the President, if not incompatible with the public interests, to communicate any information in his possession relative to the firing into, boarding, and searching vessels belonging to the United States, by British ships of war, on the coast of Cuba. Adjourned.

On the 18th, the House proceeded to the election of a doorkeeper, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the dismissal of Mr. Hackney.

Mr. Joseph L. Wright, of New Jersey, the Democratic (Lecompton) nominee, was elected, having received 117 votes.

The Republicans voted for Arthur W. Fletcher, who received 77 votes. 22 votes, including those of the American members were cast for other persons. The Douglas Democrats, with the exception of Mr. Harris, voted for the regular candidate of the party.

The Senate bill for the prevention of and punishment for frauds in land titles in California, and for the collection and safe keeping of the public archives in that State were passed.

On motion of Mr. J. Glancy Jones, of Penna., the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Civil Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Jones explained, that the bill provides for the coast survey, light house establishments, land surveys and other miscellaneous items. The Committee of Ways and Means had reduced the estimates, by $239 000, to the lowest possible amount for the successful prosecution of these objects. The aggregate amount appropriated by the bill is $3 819 000.

Among the amendments to the bill, which were adopted, was one offered by Mr. Clawson, of New Jersey, making an appropriation for the purchase of Holmes' boats, for life saving purposes, on the Jersey coast; also, another by Mr. George Taylor, of New York, for light-boats on the Long Island Sound—over $10,000 being applied for these purposes.

The consideration of amendments caused a lengthy debate. Amendments, making appropriations to custom-houses and marine hospitals, were rejected. Adjourned.

On the 19th, on motion of Mr. Harris, of Illinois, the Committee on Elections were discharged from the further consideration of the memorial of Mr. Brooks, contesting the seat of Mr. Davis, of Maryland.

On motion of Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, a resolution was adopted calling on the President for all the information in his possession relative to the Sloo-Tehuantepec grant, including the instructions to Minister Forsyth on the subject; also, whether the grant has passed into the hands of other parties under the advice of the President, and whether any mail contract has been made; and if so, to whom, and on what security.

Mr. Singleton, from the Committee on Printing, reported a resolution, which was adopted, ordering the publication of two hundred thousand copies of the agricultural portion of the Patent Office Report. He said the cost will be fifty or sixty cents per volume.

On motion of Mr. Pettit, the further consideration of the Fort Snelling Committee Report was postponed till next Wednesday.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, on the Civil Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio moved an amendment, proposing to reduce the appropriation for repairs to the President's House, for furniture, improvements of grounds, etc., from $12 000 to $4,000. He was opposed to indirectly increasing the salary of the President, while willing to do so in a direct way.

Mr. J. Glancy Jones, of Pennsylvania, remarked that the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Sherman) was particularly hostile to the White House, from which he inferred that he never expected to occupy it himself. The gentleman had indulged in a fling at the President only because the President had not invited him to dinner.

Mr. Sherman said the imputation as to his motive in moving a reduction of the appropriation was entirely unfounded. He spurned the imputation as to the remark concerning the invitation to dinner. It was beneath the dignity of a gentleman.

Mr. Jones said that a few nights ago, the gentleman from Ohio, (Mr. Sherman,) during a call of the House, offered a resolution, directing the Sergeant-at-Arms to arrest him (Mr. Jones) by name, because he happened to be dining with the President. The salary of the President began in this way. Washington said he would take no salary, but keep a regular account of his expenses. He rendered an account for $25,000 per annum, and this became the fixed salary. Every dollar expended for heating the house, gas light, &c., which had been added, was not for the benefit of the President, but for the members of Congress, officers of the Government, and accommodation of the public.

The amendment of Mr. Sherman was not adopted.

The bill was amended in committee, and, on the Committee rising, was reported to the House. Adjourned.

On the 20th, the House took up and passed the Civil Appropriation Bill, after striking out $1 000,000 for the capitol extension, and by four majority, retaining nearly an equal amount for the completion of the Washington Aqueduct.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, from the Committee on Elections, made a report concluding with a resolution ordering that Messrs. Phelps and Kavanaugh be sworn in as members from Minnesota, provided such qualification and admission be construed as precluding any contest of their rights as shall hereafter be instituted by any person having the right to do so.

Mr. Gilmer, of North Carolina, made a report from the minority of the committee.

The Democratic members were desirous of taking the vote on the question to-day. This was resisted by the opposition, who made dilatory motions and required the yeas and nays to be frequently taken. The previous question was disagreed to by five majority.

The contest continued for two hours, when a motion to adjourn was carried. Adjourned.

On the 21st, a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, asking a loan of fifteen millions, was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means.

The Speaker announced the first business in order to be the resolutions from the Committee on Elections, for the admission of Messrs. Phelps and Kavanaugh, members from Minnesota.

The majority of the Committee on Elections take the ground that Messrs. Phelps and Kavanaugh in presenting credentials as members of the House, from Minnesota, are entitled *prima facie* to be sworn and admitted to seats: but they do not propose that such an admission shall preclude any contest as to the rights of these gentlemen which may hereafter be properly instituted.

Three of the committee, Messrs. Clark, of Conn., Wilson and Gilmer, maintaining that such certificate is not a *prima facie* title, but a *prima facie* refutation of the title, and effectually precludes all right, provisional or final, to a seat.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, believes that under the law of Congress and the Constitution of Minnesota, that there has been and there could have been no legal election.

These views are embodied in three separate reports.

After a contest of three hours and a half, the House adjourned without coming to a vote on the resolutions.

THE BAPTISTS GOING AHEAD.—It is stated that within the last twenty-two years the Baptists in the United States have made a clear gain of 6 565 churches, 4,224 ministers, and 593 638 members: being an annual increase of 235 churches, 192 ministers, and 27,529 members. The increase for the last ten years has been much greater in the Southern than in the Northern States—the greatest increase having been in Virginia, Alabama and Missouri.

THE famous Elder Knapp has just settled over a congregation at St. Louis.

ALTERED TONE OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT

In England Concerning Foreign Conquest.

From the London Times, May 4.

As it is the province of a newspaper to provide all sorts of news, we have not excluded from our columns even the dissertation upon British policy with which the *Paris Univers* has been pleased to favor its own faithful and single-minded subscribers. But the subject has really its important aspect, if intelligently viewed, and we can assure our continental readers that if they wish to know the opinions of this country about territorial conquests, acquisitions, annexations, and so forth, they may receive what follows as very near the truth indeed.

There was doubtless a time when we, like most other people, identified the extension of national dominion with the promotion of national prosperity, when we imagined that every square mile of territory occupied, no matter where, added so much to our importance, wealth and power, and when the occupation of some island in the Caribbean Sea was thought a very satisfactory expression of military or naval triumph. But, though we may have once been possessed of these sentiments, we have certainly outlived them. *We have no longer as a nation, any lust for dominion, or craving for territorial gain.* It is not that we have become magnanimous in the matter, or that we have adopted any policy of serene or lofty disdain. Our present views have been forced upon us by the lessons of experience, which taught us that the old system was not only delusive, but unprofitable to boot. Sidney Smith's fiction of the volcanic island in the Pacific occupied a fortnight after its emersion by a Governor and Lieutenant Governor, a storekeeper and a deputy storekeeper, garrisoned by half a regiment, defended by a sloop-of-war, and figuring in the estimates for so many thousands yearly, expressed very happily the new ideas which had come over the public mind. Even our own ancient colonies were regarded in an entirely fresh light. Useful things they were, no doubt, but not in the sense we had been supposing. Their true utility became manifest exactly in proportion as we discarded all our preconceived notions on the subject—as we made them self-governing, self-supporting, and self-dependent. As for any fresh conquests, the project would have created as much agitation as a fresh tax—in fact it would have been argued pretty loudly and pretty plausibly by a vigorous section of politicians, that the two things came to very much the same. Some stir has lately been made about the Isle of Perim. We venture to say that not fifty men in these islands know or care one jot about this precious rock. If they are told that any means have been taken to improve or facilitate the overland route to India, they will be gratified at the intelligence, for they know that it will tend to the benefit of their kinsmen or countrymen, as well as to the advantage of trade. If they are informed that any new piece of territory has come into our possession, they will simply hope that it is not of much consequence, and perhaps ask whether the end could not have been gained without the responsibility of the occupation.

It will be said, perhaps, that, for all this, our dominions do extend themselves, as for instance, in India. This is true, but the event has been unavoidable, and it has certainly not caused any satisfaction in this country. Let any person look at the debates, the discussions, and the controversies which have attended of late years the acquisition of any new province in the East, such as the Punjaub or Pegu. It was harder work to pacify the Parliament and people at home than to win the battles abroad. The authorities responsible for the war and its results had always an uphill game to fight.—They were met with charges of precipitancy, waste, loss of blood and treasure, needless outlay and heedless venture: their arguments to prove that the conquest would really pay its own expenses were never credited, and the result was simply accepted as a necessity, which could not be evaded. The Punjaub, indeed, was not annexed till we had made a vain trial of the only alternative before us. Nor was this merely the view of an economical and shopkeeping public. It was the traditional policy of the Indian Government itself, in so far as that Government was controlled by the company at home. Every one in the least degree acquainted with the subject is well aware that the instructions sent from Leadenhall Street to Calcutta were always as stringently and as imperiously pacific as they could be, but the irresistible course of events hurried Governor after Governor into war.

If any person still fancies that "British Dominion in the East" implies some grasping, overbearing, and insatiable power, let him observe our proceedings beyond the Peninsula of India. In the Straits of Malacca—the high road to the great Asiatic Archipelago and the attractive Empire of China—we have three settlements, about which we take much small concern, that when they are, as they did the other day, to be acknowledged more directly by the parent State, they make little by their motion.

Pass the Straits, and look at Borneo, one of the finest islands of the East. There is the sovereignty of its North-Western—that is, its most important—coast offered to us by Rajah Brooke, and we turn away and make no reply to his earnest recital of its capabilities and advantages.

In China itself what have we done? We once, for the purpose of our trade, bargained for a really valuable settlement—the Island of Canton; and after we had got it we gave it up again, contenting ourselves with what is apparently one of the least desirable pieces of territory in the world—the Island of Hong Kong.—For the rest we have suffered ourselves to be confined to our factories on the Canton River, without so much liberty of exercise as would keep our countrymen in health. Even now that we have taken this famous city, and have established some promising communication with the Imperial Court, we contemplate no conquest whatever. The main arguments of every advocate of Sir John Bowring's policy was that no territorial acquisition was thought of. The least evidence of any such design would have thrown suspicion and disrepute upon all our operations in those parts, and we believe that every record of these discussions, up to the present moment, might be searched in vain for proof of any other wish on the part of this country than that the great rivers of the Chinese Empire might be opened to a commerce benefitting both nations at once.

In the Cape Colony—which we took twice before keeping it—we have over and over again given up provinces to the Caffres, and reclaimed them simply because the last frontier appeared even less secure than the first. If any new district were occupied, such as the Orange River Sovereignty, we should infallibly have two sets of people in arms on the instant. The economists would ask in Parliament by what authority or with what views any such extension of our frontier had been proclaimed, and the Aborigines Protection Society would be waiting upon the minister of the day to represent the case and claims of the native proprietors. Besides this, the whole country, in so far as the subject was apprehended at all, would be uneasy and discontented, for Caffre wars are very bugbears in the public eye. We doubt exceedingly if any species of conquest or acquisition in any quarter of the globe would be really popular among us. The very mention of an advance or an expedition in the direction of Affghanistan is something alarming, and all that has been thought of Pegu during the late trouble is, that it was a wonder and a mercy we did not suffer from the bargain.

If the occupation of the rock of Perim could really have been considered a territorial acquisition, it would probably have provoked some vehement expostulation: it has only been disregarded because it was totally unknown. Even far more important posts obtain very little recognition. Correspondents address us jestingly from Aden, and ask whether England is really aware of the position or circumstances of that settlement. We are afraid we should have to answer that the knowledge in question is confined to very few, and is not likely to be extended. The truth is we look to results alone, and would willingly secure them by the method involving the fewest obligations. We really do not want "influence" either in Egypt or Abyssinia, or Nubia, or Timbuctoo. What we want is to get by the easiest passage from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, and from the Red Sea to India.

Attentive readers of late discussions must have seen very clearly that even India itself was no longer regarded by all parties as a pearl of great price. If it were not ours already we should probably not seek to conquer it; but, as we have got it, and are established there, we must do our duty to its people. That, even more than the obvious impossibility of withdrawing from such a position, has been the key-note of popular arguments. We could not abandon India to anarchy and ruin. We must accomplish our mission—with what thanks or what profit time only can show. There, however, is the true picture of "British dominion in the East."

From the Mount Pleasant Journal.

A "MAD STONE."—We publish the following interesting narrative of the wonderful cure effected by means of the mad-stone, which is by Mr. S. B. Stanton, of Appanoose county, Iowa. Mr. S. is a reliable man, and his statement is entitled to full credence. His son, T. H. Stanton, is well known to a large number of our citizens:

CINCINNATI, Appanoose Co., Iowa, April 4th, 1858.

To Eds. Journal:—Having just been rescued from the most dreadful of all deaths—that produced by hydrophobia—I will briefly state the case as it occurred. On the morning of the 15th of March last I rose early and walked out to the gate in front of my house, where I was attacked by a rabid animal—a cat. It sprang upon me with the tenacity of a tiger, biting me on both ankles, taking a piece entirely out of my left ankle, clothing, flesh and all. I saw at once my hopeless condition, for the glaring eyes of the cat told that it was in a fit of hydrophobia. I at once resolved to start forthwith to Terre Haute, Ind., expecting there to find a mad stone. Accordingly, in a few hours, myself and wife were under way, crowding all sail for that port.

On arriving at Alton, Ill., we heard of a mad-stone, seventeen miles from that place, near Brighton, Macoupin county, Ill., belonging to one Samuel Treble. We reached his residence the eighth day after I was bitten. For three days before I got there, I felt the terrible disease coming on; had a high fever; my eyes were red and swollen, with rumbling sounds in my head; found it difficult to swallow any liquid; my left leg turned spotted as a leopard to my body, and of a dark green color, with twitching of the nerves; drank no water for eight days. The stone was, therefore, promptly applied to the wounds. It stuck fast as a leech until it was gorged with poison, when it fell off voluntarily. It was then cleansed with sweet milk and salt and water, and was applied again, and so on for seven rounds, drawing hard each time, when it refused to take hold any more. The bad symptoms then all left me, and the cure was complete, and I returned to my family and friends with a heart overflowing with thanksgiving and praise to God for his goodness and mercy in thus snatching me from the very jaws of death.

I have written this imperfect scrawl, hoping thereby to benefit suffering humanity, and kindly request you to give it a passing notice in your excellent journal; and remain respectfully and truly yours, SETH B. STANTON.

DEATH OF GEN. PERSIFER F. SMITH.—This brave and accomplished officer died at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on the 17th ult. Gen. Smith was born in Philadelphia, in November, 1798, and after having graduated at Princeton, and studied with Charles Chauncey, Esq., entered the army during the Florida war, and served two campaigns under Gen. Gaines. On the breaking out of the Mexican war, the Governor of Louisiana tendered to Gen. Smith the command of the volunteers from that State, which post he accepted, and served on the Rio Grande with credit and distinction. For his gallant services at the battle of Monterey he was brevetted Brigadier-General. After this battle, Gen Smith joined the column under the lead of Lieut. Gen. Scott, and participated in all those actions which took place between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico. At Contreras, Chapultepec, and the gates of Mexico, General Smith was present, and displayed all those noble, daring qualities for which he was so distinguished. At the close of the war with Mexico, Gen. Smith was ordered to California in command of that military department. Subsequently he held a similar command in Texas. In 1856, he was ordered to Kansas, where he has remained as chief, until quite recently, when he was appointed to the command of the expedition to Utah. His death took place when he was *en route* for the Mormon settlement to assume the head of the troops operating in that section of the Union. Gen. Smith was a chivalric soldier, a good citizen, and a warm and devoted friend. His loss is a national calamity.

GOVERNOR YEH.—The following is an extract of a private letter, dated Canton River, Feb. 26:

"In catching Yeh, we have not caught a Tartar; he is of pure Chinese blood, and rose to his high position by great mental capacity. He first attracted the notice of the Emperor by an historical book he wrote, and since that period his rise became rapid. He took the highest Chinese degree when 29 years old, and may now be called the second wrangler in the empire. He is very simple and regular in his habits and habits; highly courteous and polite in his manners; does not drink as a general rule; never smokes opium; never appears to evince the slightest concern about his fate; is a Buddhist; prays regularly twice a day with his head eastward; sleeps a good deal; smokes a good deal; eats little; appears much esteemed by his attendants and the higher class of Chinese; of course he is obstinate, and hates us cordially. His food is chiefly rice, ducks, pork, salted eggs, and some other curious Chinese delicacies; of course he won't eat beef. His drink is chiefly hot, weak tea. He has never tasted cold water in his life, and says a drink of it would kill him. I have twice had long chats with him, through the interpreter."
—*Liverpool Times.*

INSANE.—It is really remarkable how many of the conservative and reactionary leaders of 1848-9 have lately become mad, viz:—Count Stadion and Baron Kulmer, both Austrian Ministers; the King of Prussia, his private Secretary, Mark Niebuhr, and now Baron Jellachich, Ban of Croatia. After having lost his influence at Court, and spent the dowry of his wife, he became a lunatic, and is now in an asylum near Vienna. Count Szechenyi, the late Hungarian Minister, is destined in the same house. So is Baron Perreira the Vienna banker, who in 1848 tried to play a political part in favor of the Court, but lacked the nerve which alone leads to success.

CONVICTION FOR HARBORING FUGITIVE SLAVES.—CINCINNATI, May 17.—The trial of William Connolly, which has occupied the Court for several days, was concluded to-day, by a verdict of guilty. A motion for a new trial has been made on the ground that one of the jurors was a deputy U. S. Marshal.

SWAIM & CO., the illegal lottery dealers of Augusta, Ga., have been indicted and held to bail in $10,000 each.

NEWS ITEMS.

A WONDERFUL WOMAN.—There is a woman named Hayes, in New York State, in the neighborhood, we believe, of Skaneateles, who lived a whole year wholly on dried raspberry juice; the next year on a small quantity of cold water, and now, for nearly a year, she has neither ate or drank anything! Still more wonderful than that, she has been known to live as many as *sixty-two minutes at a time without breathing!* Though it is supposed that she is nourished by the atmosphere, her vitality is certainly extraordinary, and fully equal to that of a toad imbedded in a rock.

NOT many days ago, a poor German rag-picker, who lived in a nest of rag-pickers, his countrymen, near "the Hook," in New York city, was stoned out of his wretched quarters because his neighbors discovered that he and his family lived upon the foulest kind of offal—the dead dogs, cats, and rats that he found in the streets during his search for rags and paper.

NAPOLEON'S DEATH CHAMBER.—Rev. Henry Wood, a chaplain in the United States Navy, writing from St. Helena, says that in the room where Napoleon died there is now a threshing machine in operation, and stalls for the horses that move it, in his bed-chamber.

YUMA.—The name of Yuma is proposed for a new territory, to be formed from the western division of Utah.

MR. RAREY, the American horse tamer, denies that everybody besides his pupils knows his mode of taming horses, and has authorized the Tattersalls to pay a thousand guineas to any one else that can explain the system. About 600 of his pupils, among whom are the queen, prince consort, and a large number of the nobility, have signed a note, in which they state that Mr. Rarey's system "is based upon sound, simple and practical processes, perfectly humane, and that neither whip, nor spur, nor violence, nor drugs of any kind are employed."

TALL STUDENTS.—They mean to raise tall students in Wisconsin. Its Board of Education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high.

THE first wine fair of Missouri opened at St. Louis on the 13th instant. About seventy specimens were exhibited, contributed from Illinois, New York, Indiana, Minnesota, Ohio, Iowa, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri. Seventeen gentlemen were selected as a board of judges, to compare the specimens and award the premiums. They report that all the specimens are very superior in character, and indicate great improvement in the manufacture of native wines. It has been decided by the Missouri Wine Company to hold hereafter, in St. Louis, an annual fair, from which most encouraging results are expected.

AN order has been issued directing the French imperial postillions to wear essences, after the fashion under the *ancient regime*.

EXCITEMENT IN BURLINGTON, VT.—There has been considerable excitement in Burlington, Vt., for a few days past, on the subject of the removal of the remains of Gen. Ethan Allen. The ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the monument ordered by the State have been deferred, and the authorities of the town and committee of the monument have made thorough research, to the depth of six or eight feet, in all parts of the family lot not known to be occupied by the remains of other members of the family, where his monument stood, without finding the slightest indication of human remains.

A DAY TOO LATE.—On Saturday night week, twenty-four hours after the adjournment of the Methodist Protestant General Conference, the delegate from Oregon reached Lynchburg, Va., to attend its sessions. He had been on the way ever since February last from the remote region he represented.

M. PAULSEN, the champion chess player, has just completed, at Chicago, the feat of playing ten simultaneous games of blind-fold chess. Of these he won seven, and three were drawn games. This feat, it is said, has never been accomplished before.

TALL PREACHERS.—There are at present in the M. E. Conference, in session at Nashville, Tenn., some pretty lengthy specimens of reverend humanity; the Rev. Mr. Young, of Missouri, 6 feet 8 inches; Rev. Mr. Kelly, of South Carolina, 6 feet 6 inches; Rev. Mr. Alexander, of Texas, 6 feet 6 inches; and the Rev. Dr. Mitchell, of Alabama, 6 feet 4½ inches.

A GOOD THING TO HAVE ABOUT THE HOUSE.—Mrs. Gage, in a speech at the recent feminine convention, told the story of a woman who, having secured a second spouse that "nursed the baby," &c., very accommodatingly averred that "a husband was the next best thing about a house to the cooking-stove."

AUGUSTA, GA., May 21.—The Augusta Mills commenced grinding new wheat to-day, for the New York market.

EXEMPTION FROM JURY DUTY.—A bill is now before the Provincial Parliament of Canada, which provides that the "press" shall be one of the professions which shall be exempt from all jury service. This is said to be the first recognition by the legislature, of the press, as a profession in that Province.

A TRUE FISH STORY.—Captain Samuel Munro and Mr. David Waldron were fishing at Poopsquash Point, on Thursday afternoon last, for flounders, with small hooks and lines. Mr. Waldron feeling a bite, hauled in his line, and to the surprise of both gentlemen, they discovered attached to the hook an immense codfish. Each of them took him by the gills and hauled him into the boat. He weighed thirty-four pounds. We could scarcely believe that so large a fish could be caught with so small a hook and line, until we saw the monster with the hook in his jaw, and were assured that it was the identical one with which it was caught.—*Bristol Phenix.*

BILLY BOWLEGS, the Indian Chief, from Florida, visited the True Delta office and many other places on the 17th and was received with great honors, attracting thousands of spectators. Mr. Magionis made a speech, to which Billy Bowlegs responded, regretting that he had not sooner made peace with the whites.

CARPET SWEEPING MACHINE.—Mr. N. H. Herrick, of East Boston, has invented a new machine for sweeping and cleaning carpets, which does the work it is designed for in a thorough manner—taking all the dirt or dust out of the carpet without creating any dust in the room. It is very compact, and can be worked very easily.

DRUGGING A LOVER TO CATCH A HUSBAND.—A strange story is told by the New Haven Journal, which paper says that a young man of Bethany, of highly respectable connexions, and an only son, being about to leave his home for South America, made a few calls upon his acquaintances, when a young lady who was desperately attached to him, as her last means of gaining him, had the meanness to plot with some of her associates to drug him, and have him taken to a low justice of the peace, who is a disgrace to the office, where the marriage ceremony was performed.

WHY GEN. LANE WANTS TO BE SENATOR.—The Herald of Freedom, published at Lawrence, Kansas, gives an account of the proceedings of a meeting held in the Unitarian Church of that town, in which Lane announced himself a candidate for the United States Senate, declaring that he had challenged the distinguished Senator from Illinois to mortal combat, who had refused to fight, "shielding himself behind the privileges of his position;" and that he was anxious to get upon the same level with the Senator that he might accept an acceptance of his hostile proposal.

SALT LAKE CITY TO BE MADE A MILITARY DEPOT.—The Government intends keeping a large military force in Salt Lake Valley, and will make Salt Lake City a depot of stores, equipments, etc. Even if the late Utah intelligence prove true, the supply trains will be passed on and communication established and maintained between Fort Leavenworth and Salt Lake City.

TURPENTINE ON MISSISSIPPI BOATS.—The circumstances of the burning of the Ocean Spray on the Mississippi are still fresh in the memory. The United States Commissioner at St. Louis is engaged in an investigation, and this is the testimony of one Mississippi steamboat captain:—

Geo A. Hawley, examined for the defence—Is Captain of the steamboat Ballimore; *I have used turpentine to raise steam between this and Alton; I have known it to be frequently used;* if it be used with proper precaution, it is not dangerous; *we use it by sprinkling it on the wood with a broom and then throw the wood into the fire;* I never used it on the Baltimore, but used it on a boat that ran to Alton in 1849, for the purpose of raising steam; we always had a barrel of turpentine on board; I don't now regard the use of it in that way as dangerous; we usually placed the vessel in which the turpentine was on the guard, about twenty feet from the fire; we were very cautious about it knowing it to be combustible in its nature, but it is perfectly safe if used with precaution.

Cross examined—We never used turpentine as a common article of fuel; *it was only when there was some boat that started at the same hour, and ran in opposition to us, that we used it;* the opposition was so warm at the time that we *could pass ours for ten cents apiece, and afterwards for nothing; I occasionally used to knock the head of the barrel out, dip the stick into it, carry it to the furnace and throw it into the fire, when we had no dipper convenient.*

The Commissioner referred to the statute prohibiting the use of inflammable materials on board of steamboats, and said he thought it was unnecessary to proceed with the examination in that way, as it did not follow because one man violated the law at one time, that another was authorized to do the same at a future time.

LAGER BIER.—The intoxicating qualities of this beverage have been investigated in the case of a person arraigned in the Court of Common Pleas at Brooklyn for the violation of the Sunday laws. Large numbers of witnesses testified as to the quantities they could drink without feeling tipsy. One man said he had imbibed 106 glasses in a day and felt "*good.*" Professor Doremus gave an analysis of lager bier and other liquors, shewing the following proportion of alcohol in each:

Brandy contains, of alcohol,	53 to 55 per cent.
Madeira Wine,	20 to 23 "
Port Wine,	25 to 26 "
Rhine Wine,	10 to 12 "
Claret,	10 to 16 "
Champagne,	10 to 12 "
Cider,	9 to 10 "
Porter and Ale,	5 to 8 "
Lager Bier,	3 "

Dr. Reese regarded lager bier

"*As the nearest to nothing* of any liquor which could be got; in lager bier, as in all other beverages made from hops, there was a soporific principle; in that respect it was to be distinguished from vinous fluids, which are excitive. Vinous fermentation must first take place before alcohol could be produced, but fermentation was a different process from distillation, for in the one case the alcohol was retained in the fluid, in the other it was drawn off separately. He adhered to the conviction that lager bier would not intoxicate unless taken in immense quantities."

A German, drinking lager on a wager in Waterton, Wis., however, recently, was made furiously crazy thereby.

THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says:—

"After all that has been published, few persons have any idea of the extent of business in the Dead Letter Office, or of its importance to the public generally. During a single year, in addition to some $50,000 in money returned to its lawful owners, there have been found in the letters, and restored, drafts, checks, and other valuable papers, amounting to three and a-half millions of dollars. In the greater number of instances dead letters which have thus been returned to the department have failed to reach their destination in due course by reason of mis-direction. This may, doubtless be attributed to the hurry in which banks and large mercantile house close up their correspondence for the day. One bank sends a letter covering paper amounting to thousands of dollars—inside the package is addressed to Nashville, outside to New Orleans. Another heavy remittance is directed to Troy, New York, without any address whatever on the inside. A third package was directed on the outside to Louisville, Ky., the inside direction is New Orleans. Would it not be well for all the banks and mercantile houses to add to their copies of correspondence a copy also of the *outside address* on the letter? In many cases when letters are thus sent astray, that simple record might at once furnish a clue to its early recovery."

REPORT ON THE TARIFF.—*Proposition to Entirely Abandon the Protective Policy and Resort to Direct Taxation.*—WASHINGTON, May 19.—Hon. Wm. W. Boyce, of South Carolina, has made a report in the House of Representatives, from the Select Committee on the Tariff, &c. It takes ground that the protective policy should be entirely abandoned, and resort as early as practicable to direct taxation as a measure of economy. Articles of prime necessity should be taxed at the lowest rate of duty, and the burden thrown as much as possible on luxuries. The navigation laws should be so modified as not to require any portion of the officers and crews of American ships to be American seamen, and that American citizens should be free to purchase and sail foreign built ships, and the American coasting trade should be open on terms of perfect equality to foreign vessels.

The Committee say that they do not entertain the hope that they can inaugurate this new policy now. Such radical changes must be the work of time. They do not, therefore, look so much to immediate practical results as to the effect on public opinion, and thus ultimately insure the triumph of the principles they advocate. Hon. M. R. H. Garnett, of Virginia, does not concur in all the conclusions of the Committee.

THE CUBA SLAVE TRADE.—A recent letter from Havana, says:—

"Last week, about 2,000 negroes were landed on the north coast of Cuba, between Havana and Bahia Honda. Two of the vessels were American and one Spanish.

"Last Wednesday we had three arrivals of Chinese emigrants, one American—the Flora Temple—notwithstanding Minister Reed's endeavors. The total number landed was 1,500, all in remarkably good health. This trade, which has been frequently denounced as another species of African slavery, has been virtually declared such by the Cuban Government in two recent orders, the first one of which denies to the Chinese emigrant the privilege of purchasing his time of apprenticeship, or changing his employer; and the second obliging them to leave the island on the expiration of their term, or enter into obligations to serve out a second term. As but *few* among them have the means of paying their own passage back after the first eight years, they are virtually made slaves of."

RESISTANCE THREATENED.—A gentleman of the utmost reliability, from Havana, by the Black Warrior, brings information that the American ship captains had held a meeting, and taken measures to have all the cannon and armament which is on board their various ships placed on one of their number, which shall be well manned, and proceed to sea with the design of capturing the saucy little British cruiser when she overhauls the ship, as she very surely would, in accordance with her usual practice. If this report is as well founded as it apparently is substantial, we may possibly hear how John Bull caught a Tartar per the next arrival.—*New Orleans Delta.*

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—WITHDRAWAL OF A PRESBYTERY.—*Chicago, May 21.*—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met here yesterday. One hundred and sixty-six delegates in attendance. Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Buffalo, was elected Moderator.

A communication was received from the Presbytery, at Harmony, Ky., announcing its withdrawal from the Assembly on account of the slavery question.

After the transaction of the usual business, the Assembly adjourned.

☞ Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

☞ The best way to silence a talkative person is never to interrupt him.

☞ The California papers not only publish births, but give the weight of the babies.

☞ AN EDUCATED MINISTRY.—"An unlearned theology," said Melancthon, "is an Iliad of evils." "If we lose the learned languages by neglect," said Luther, "we shall lose the Gospel."

☞ It is a very common thing to abuse lawyers. Briefless lawyers, however, should always be excepted. It would be wrong to speak ill of a man without a cause."

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY,

By the CATERER of the FRANKLIN HOUSE,

Chestnut Street (above Third.)

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ℔	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chp ℔	9 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump do	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	@1a3½
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcase	5 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	6 a10	Fore quarter ℔	8
Tongues, fresh	25 a75	Hind do	10
Leg, each	31a37½	Chop	12½
Shin	20 a25	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	6 a12½	Sweetbread each	12
Liver ℔	5 a 9	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ℔	14 a16	Young Pigs	@1 25
Lamb.		Salt and fresh ℔	10 a 12
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Feet ℔ set	12½a 25
Hind do	1 00 a1 12½	Tripe ℔ lb	4 a 4
Chop ℔ lb	10 a12	Lard do	10 a 12
Calves Head each	25 a37	Hams, sliced	15 a 16
		Bologna sausage	16 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Lettuce ℔ head	6	Beets bunch	4 a 5
Rhubarb ℔ bunch	5	Cabbage bbl	2 50
Onion tops ℔ bunch	1	do h'd	5 a 10
Radishes ℔ hundred bunches	@2 50	Carrots doz	10
Asparagus ℔ bunch	10	S't Pot's ℔ bus	@1 50a1 75
Lima beans ℔ quart	12	do do ℔ lb	6a 8
Turnips bus	50	Corn Pot's bus	@3 a 00
Bermuda potatoes ℔ bar	3 75	Onions bus	80

FRUIT.

Apples ℔ bkt	@1a 1 50	Cranberries qt	14 a 16
do bl ℔	2½a 31		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens ℔ pair	@1 a1 12	Chickens ℔ lb	16 a 12½
Chickens ℔ pair	75 a1 25	Sqb Pig'ns pair	25 a 37
		Frogs doz	25 a 50

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin (South) doz	@4 00 a5 00	Oysters, Absecom ℔ bbl	50 a 75
do (Ches & Del)	6 00 a8 00	do ℔ M	@16 00 a20 00
Lobsters ℔	8 a 10	M Rivr Cove M	10 00 a12 00
Clams ℔	2 00 a2 50	N Y do ℔ bbl	12 00 a15 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter ℔	28 a 31	Mackerel	10
Roll do	20 a 24	Dry Cod	4 a 6
Eggs doz	11 a 13	Sm'd Herring bunch	8
Cod	5 a 8	Honey ℔	20 a 25
Fresh Shad	18 a 21	Sweetcorn cake	2 a
Salt Shad ℔	11	Hanbut	6 a 8

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY M'CHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER

No. 332 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.					
U S 6 pr ct			Phil Ger & Nor	32	33½
" "	'62	104 —	Reading	22½	22¾
" "	'67	114 —	Mansfield	64	64½
" "	'68	114 —	Haz & Lan	55½	56
" "	'83	102½ —	Ches Val	3½	5
Phila 6 pr ct		96½ —	Tioga	—	—
" new		107½ 102	" preferred	—	—
" 5 "		93 —	P W & Balt	31½	32
Cam City 6 pr ct		91½ —	Long Island	12	12½
Pitts 6 pr ct		— —	Wil'sport & Elm	11½	12
" " coupon		— —	Cattawissa	—	7½
All'gy City 6 pr ct		— —	CANAL STOCKS.		
" County "		— —	Sch Nav	9½	9
All'gy co R R 6's	43	86	" preferred	14½	15
Penn			Lehigh Nav	27	27½
" 5 "		93½ 93¾	Morris Consol'd	45½	46
" " coupon		93½ 94	" preferred	99½	99½
Penn 5 pr ct		94½ 95¼	C & Del	—	45
Pennsylvania 5 pr ct		102 103	Union	4	5
Missouri 6's		84½ 84½	Sus & Tidewater	—	7
Penn R R 6 pr ct		99½ —	BANK STOCKS.		
20 m'tl loan '83		85½ 86	North Amer	134	135
C & Am R R " pr ct		79 83	Phila	102	103
P G & N R R "		94½ —	Far & Mec	57	58
Reading R R "		75½ —	Commercial	46	47½
" " m'rt		90 91	N Liberty	85	90
" " 6 pr ct '86		83½ 89	Mechanics	264	27
Lehigh Nav 6's		88 104½	Southwark	70	—
Ches Val R R "		78 83	P Township	24	24½
Texas R R "		80 —	Kensington	54½	—
Phil Wil & Bal			Girard	10½	12½
'ad R R 6 pr ct		98 99½	Western	58	58½
Long I R R "		75 78	Man & Mech	24½	25
Sch Nav '82 "		58½ 60	Commerce	57½	58½
Lehigh Nav "		83 85	Tradesman's	—	—
Mort "		97 97½	City	43	45
C & D Cl "		79 80	Consolidation	93	94½
Sus & Tid 7's "		59½ 60	Commonwealth	19	20
Union Canal		26½ 27	Corn Exchange	—	—
Will'ms & Elmira			Pittsburg	53	54
1st m'rt 7 pr ct		82½ 83½	M & M Pitts	33	35
2d " 7 pr ct		80 50½	Ex'ge Pitts	51	—
Catawissa "		42 44½	Kentucky	112	113½
North Pa 6 pr ct		56½ 57	Northern Ky	115½	116
RAILROAD STOCK.			Louisville, Ky	115	—
Cam & Amboy		94½ 95	Farmers, Ky	112	—
Penna		42 42½	Union, Nash. Tenn	—	—
Sus Meadow		54 54½	Plant's, Tenn	100	—
North Penna		91 94	Com'l & Farm	—	—
			N O Gas Lt	120	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,

No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 22, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
New banks	1½ to 5 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Relief Notes	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Tioga & Shamokin no sale		ALABAMA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	1 to 5 dis
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis		MISSISSIPPI.	
DELAWARE.		All banks	uncertain
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis		LOUISIANA.	
MARYLAND.		Solvent banks	1 dis
Baltimore	¼ dis	OHIO.	
Solvent banks	½ to ¾ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
NEW YORK.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis		Solvent banks	1 dis
MAINE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	State bank	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
VERMONT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Old banks	3 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	1 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	½ dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		CANADA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	2½ dis		

NEW YORK MARKETS.

May 22.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is steady; sales of 10,500 bbls at $4.80a4.90 for State, a decline of 5c. Wheat dull; sales of 16,000 bush. Corn advanced. 10,000 bush sold at 72a75c for mixed, 76½ 77c for yellow, an advance of 1c on each, and 73a 76c for white. Pork is dull at $17.87 for Mess. Lard buoyant at 11½a11¾c. Whiskey firm at 21½c

☞ Why am de beloved ob my heart Miss Dinah, de sunflower ob de hill, like a kind ob cloth dog make in Lowell? I don't know, nigger, why? Cos she's an unbleached Shirting.

THE MOST REMARKABLE CURE OF DROPSY EVER EFFECTED.

Cedarburg, Ozaukee Co., Wis., April 28, 1858.

Dr. D. JAYNE:—

Dear Sir—I am a stranger to you, but cannot withhold my thanks for the great benefit produced by your Alterative and Sanative Pills. The cure which I will relate has not been surpassed in the history of your Medicines. A German lady, the wife of a miller in the Cedarburg mills, was taken with Dropsy; the first severe attack being about a fortnight after her confinement. The physician who attended her was called, and at the expiration of two weeks, pronounced her case hopeless from defect in her kidneys. Another was obtained—this one was sanguine of curing her, but after two months daily attendance, his skill was baffled, and a third was called, but again with no effect. At this time, she was horrible to behold; her face and head swelled to twice the natural size, her body as large as a barrel, and her limbs of a corresponding size; her tongue was swollen and eaten with ulcers, preventing her from taking nourishment except it was given in a teaspoon. This is but a feeble description of her appearance. My wife visited her, and, although expecting to see her as described, the sight of the sufferer was such that she had to retire, and did not recover from the shock for several days. At this stage she was apparently hovering between life and death; for three days her husband was constantly with her, expecting a dissolution every moment. Although abided by the physicians, I recommended your Alterative; one bottle was taken with benefit, and this induced them to continue. After taking three bottles, the swellings of the head and face began to abate; when six bottles had been used, the swelling of her person gradually reduced, and blotches appeared on her face, arms and legs; when one dozen bottles had been taken, it brought out on her legs lumps as large as a pigeon's egg, which broke and discharged a watery humor, and at twenty-eight bottles the disease appeared to be nearly eradicated, and the husband desired to discontinue the Alterative, on account of the expense; they continued to give it but only in small doses, when she again commenced swelling, as if the disease had resumed its full vigor, and doubts were entertained about effecting a cure. They became discouraged, and gave up all hope. I however persuaded them to give full doses, and to try a week or two longer, which they did and the disease was again subdued. The medicine was continued until forty-six bottles were taken, together with sixteen boxes of the Sanative Pills. And now, under the favor of a Divine Providence, she is able to attend to her household duties, and shows as healthy an appearance as in youth. I have thus narrated the honest facts for the public good, and after expressing to you the heartfelt thanks of the one your medicines restored to health,

I remain, yours, respectfully,

JOHN DAY.

M. E. Local Preacher.

Cedarburg, Wis., April 28, 1858.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON:

Gentlemen—I can substantiate all the facts contained in the above certificate. The physician who attended the person previous to the use of the Alterative, informed me that hereafter he would cheerfully recommend your medicine in cases of this kind.

Yours, respectfully,

WM. VOJENIEZ, Agent.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the country. my22-2t

A LADY

WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF GREAT NERVOUS DEBILITY, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp to pay return postage, Mrs. MARY E DEWITT, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent, free, by next post. my1-3t

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

The Flour Market has been in a very torpid state during the past week, and prices have declined fully 25c ℔ bbl. The only transactions reported for shipment, are 8000 barrels at $4,25a4,50 ℔ bbl for Superfine, closing at the former rate, $4,50 a4,62½ for Extra, and $4,87½a5,25 for Extra Family, including some on terms not made public.—There has been a steady demand for Rye Flour and Corn Meal at $3,25 ℔ barrel, with sales of 800 barrels.

GRAIN—There has been a steady inquiry for Wheat, but without change in prices. Sales of 24,000 bushels from 80c up to $1,09 ℔ bush for inferior and prime Red, and $1a1,20 for White. Rye has been in fair request for distilling and 4000 bush Pennsylvania sold at 66c. Corn has been in active demand and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 55,000 bush prime Yellow mostly at 70c, afloat, and 68a69c in store, including White at 66a68c, and damaged at 56a62½c. Oats have been coming forward freely, and prices have declined 3c ℔ bus. About 20,000 bus sold at 37a38c for Pennsylvania, and 34a37c for Southern.

PROVISIONS—There has been a little better feeling in the market within the last day or two, and holders, if anything, are firmer in their demands. Mess Pork has been selling in lots at $18; some 600 bbls sold at that rate. Mess Beef is steady at $15a17 ℔ bbl, the latter for city packed. Bacon—The sales of Hams have mostly been to the trade at 11½a12c for plain and fancy cured; about 200 casks Sides and Shoulders have been sold chiefly at 9½c for the former and 7½c for the latter, usual terms. Green Meats have been quiet within the range of quotations. Lard is firmer, and small sales are reported at 11½a12½c for bbls and tierces. Prime is now held at 12c and kegs at 13c. Butter is coming in slowly and commands 12a15c. Cheese is steady at 7a9c ℔ lb. Eggs are better and bringing 10a10½c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The stock has been increased this week by liberal arrivals. The market has been extremely quiet, notwithstanding the favorable tenor of the advices from Europe, and prices have again declined ⅛c. Manufacturers purchase cautiously, and only to supply their immediate wants. Sales of 700 bales in lots at 13c@13½c for low middling and middling fair Uplands.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron Bark has fallen off, and prices have declined $1 ℔ ton; sales of 65 hhds No 1 at $34. Tanners' Bark sells slowly at previous rates.

BEESWAX—But little offering. Small sales of good Yellow at 31a32c ℔ lb cash.

COAL—Orders come in slowly, but the wet weather has limited operations again this week, and the market is about stationary as regards prices, with moderate receipts and sales to notice, both for shipment and home consumption. Nothing doing in Bituminous Coal worthy of remark, the demand being very limited.

FRUIT—There is not much doing in domestic Fruit. Dried Apples range from 5½ to 6c, and Peaches from 12 to 14c ℔ lb for unpared halves.

FEATHERS continue scarce. Small sales of good Western at 44a45c ℔ lb, short time.

HEMP is quiet, and without sales.

HIDES are held with much firmness, but no sales have come under our notice.

HOPS continue to meet a limited inquiry. Small sales of new crop Eastern and Western, at 8a9c ℔ lb.

IRON—The market continues in a very dormant condition. Small sales of No 1 Anthracite at $22; No 2 at $20, and No 3 at $19 cash. Charcoal Blooms are held at $70a75, and Cinder at $45. In Scotch Pig nothing doing, and prices are entirely nominal. Prices of Manufactured Iron continue without change.

LEAD—A lot of 1600 pigs Galena has arrived by railroad direct from St. Louis to a manufacturer. The stock in first hands is nearly exhausted, and no sales have been reported.

LEATHER—The demand continues good for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and prices are looking up for the latter.

LUMBER—The demand has somewhat increased for some descriptions, but the trade generally is dull. Sales of Susquehanna Boards at $13a16, and Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $12a15. Laths command $1,25a1,30, and Pickets $5,50a6,50 for 4 and 4½ feet.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed continue extremely small, and is taken on arrival at $4,12½a 4,37½ ℔ 64 lbs. Timothy is nominal at $2a2,25. Flaxseed sells at $1.55 ℔ bush. In Red Top nothing doing.

TOBACCO—There is a steady consumptive demand for both Leaf and Manufactured, at previous rates.

TALLOW—But little offering. Sales at 10a10½c ℔ lb. cash, for country and city Rendered.

WOOL—The demand has been quite limited and prices are unchanged. Sales of 40,000 lbs at 27a43c ℔ lb. on time.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, PEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 9 xth St., Cincinnati, O
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
R. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CANCER

Without the use of Caustic or Knife.

Endorsed and legalized by special enactment of the State Legislature of Maryland, with a good Report from five physicians of the House of Delegates who were appointed to examine its claims.

The undersigned will guarantee a cure of all external Cancer where vital parts have not become involved before the application is made, and the general health of the patient is still good.

The above is all that is deemed necessary to say, as the great efficacy of this remedy is now pretty extensively known.

A pamphlet giving some useful information on the subject of Cancer, will be sent to all requiring the knowledge it contains, who will inclose a stamp.

Address JOHN CATHERS,
Office No. 102 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—No other medicine has ever given such astonishing proof of its efficacy. In cases of Dyspepsia and General Debility it acts in the most agreeable manner, restoring health, when all other remedies have failed.

CHOLERA.—No medicine is more prompt in its action on this disease than PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. It is the acknowledged antidote which seldom fails if applied in its early symptoms. No family should be without a bottle of it always on hand.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired Gentleman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of nervous suffering, will send (free) to assist others, a copy of the prescription and a supply of the remedy, on receiving a stamped envelope bearing the applicant's address. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 186 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. ap17-24

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN J. CLAYTON, to Miss ANN WILLIAMS, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. A. J. Hay, Mr. WILLIAM KUNZIE, to Miss MARY DANFIELD, both of Chester Springs, Chester county, Pa.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. A. McKeen, Mr. JONATHAN B. CUTTER, Esq. to Miss ELEANOR B. TAYLOR, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D., Mr. ELISHA BALL, to Miss ANNIE S. CRAWFORD, daughter of Jas. Crawford, Esq both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Wm. J. Mann, D. D., JOHN B ZIMMELE, to Miss JULIA WERNLE, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Swinden, Mr. WILLIAM P. STEWART, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY J. HOLT, of Bristol, Bucks county.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Jones, Mr. HENRY C. HALL, to Miss MARTHA M. SIMPSON, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev Thos. G. Allen, Mr. ROBERT WILSON, to Miss SARAH J. MCKNOWN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. SARAH VANDERMARK, aged 78 years.

On the 17th instant, Mr. FRANCIS EHRMANN, aged 53 years.

On the 17th instant, THOMAS JOHNSTON, aged 48.

On the 18th instant, JOHN D. FITZGERALD, aged 58 years.

On the 16th instant, Mr. ABRAHAM WILLIAMSON, aged 57 years.

On the 17th instant, GEORGE TREEN, aged 53.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. LOUISA J. wife of Wm. G. Cooper, aged 37 years.

On the 13th instant, in Newark, Del. JOSEPH P. BRYANT, aged 38 years.

On the 15th instant, at Germantown, EMILY, wife of H. A. Brightly, aged 72 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. ELIZA CROMPTON, aged 82 years.

On the 15th instant, MARY L. wife of Harry C. Stout.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. ELEANOR GRNAR, aged 34 years.

On the 17th instant, SAMUEL J. CRAIG, aged 37.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. SARAH ELDERTON, aged 62 years.

FURNITURE.

PRICES REDUCED.

LARGEST AND MOST SELECT ASSORTMENT

OF

FIRST CLASS CABINET WARE

IN THE UNION,

524 WALNUT STREET,

Opposite Independence Square, Philadelphia

GEO. J. HENKELS,

my29-4m Formerly of 173 Chestnut Street.

PLOUGHS, HARROWS, CULTIVATORS, Hay, Straw and Corn Stalk Cutters, Corn Shellers, Churns, Butter Washers, Horse-Powers and Threshing Machines, Spades, Shovels, Hoes, Rakes, &c., for sale by

D. LANDRETH & SON,

Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth Street,

1t between Market and Chestnut Sts., Phila.

MONUMENTAL MARBLE WORKS.—The Subscriber will dispose of, at reduced prices, the entire stock of Iron Monuments, Statuary, Head and Foot-stones, &c., &c., at the Marble Yard, 1625 Arch St., west of 18th.

my29-4t WM. H. MOORE.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

Its wonderful effects and consequent popularity—perhaps no article in the history of the *Materia Medica*, ever acquired the same patronage, was subjected to the same number of severe and different tests, and met with so few failures as the Mustang Liniment. It has justly been styled a Panacea for all external Wounds, Cuts, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, or Eruptions on Man or Beast. It is so far a medicine of surprising virtue, that Physicians are compelled to prescribe it; and from some remarkable cures of *Chronic and Distorted Rheumatic cases*, it has naturally attracted much attention from the first scientific minds of the age. No family can afford to be without a bottle of the Mustang Liniment in the house. Beware of *imitations*.

The genuine is sold by respectable dealers in all parts of the world.

BARNES & PARK, Proprietors,

my29-4t New York.

VENTRILOQUISM.—Full instructions by which any person can master the much coveted art of Ventriloquism, by a few hours practice, sent free for 25 cents. Address J. F. JAGGERS,

1t Calhoun, Illinois.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE ATLANTIC,

FOR JUNE,

NOW READY.

THIS NUMBER BEGINS A NEW VOLUME.

Price $3.00 per annum, or 25 cents a number.

For sale by all Booksellers and Periodical Dealers

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.,

PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

FLOWER SEEDS! FLOWER SEEDS!

A large and select assortment of Annual, Biennial and Perennial Flower Seeds, for sale by the single paper, or in boxes, containing twenty-five select varieties, with directions for culture. Price $1,00.

D. LANDRETH & SON,

Implement and Seed Warehouse,

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth Street,

1t between Chestnut and Market Sts., Phila.

$100 A MONTH.

AGENTS ARE MAKING THIS AMOUNT in selling OUR CHEAP EDITION OF "*LIVINGSTONE'S SIXTEEN YEARS IN THE WILDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.*"

Our Circular, with particulars of Agency and Notices of the Press is sent *free*.

A specimen copy of the Book sent, free of postage, on receipt of the price, $1.25.

J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,

my29-tf 48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

CONSUMPTION.—Treated by inhaling Medicated Vapors and Powders, such as are used successfully by Dr. Ulrle, of Leipsic, Germany, in fifty out of every sixty cases of well developed Consumption. Sole Agents for North and South America, SCOTT, INWOOD & CO., New York.

WHAT EVERY FAMILY WANTS!

AGENTS WANTED

In every County, to sell the *Celebrated Patent Self-heating Smoothing-Irons*. Costs only one cent a day,—and the exhausting heat of the ironing-room obviated. Ladies will find it a great saving of labor, conducing more to their health and comfort than any patent ever introduced into the family. Active men of gentlemanly address can make $8 a day easily. Call, or address

H. M. BRAGG,

No. 73 Purchase St., Boston, Mass.

May 17, 1858. 1t

PALMER'S PATENT LEG

THIS AMERICAN INVENTION

STANDS UNRIVALLED,

both in this country and in Europe. It is worn by 1,200 persons, and with most astonishing success. In competition with thirty other substitutes of the best French, English and German manufacture, it received the award of the *Great Medal* at the *World's Exhibition in London*, as the *best artificial limb known*. In this country it has been thirty times exhibited, in competition with all others at the Annual Fairs in the principal cities, and has, in every instance, received the award of the *highest* or *first premium*. And as a crowning honor, by the unanimous approval of an international council, the "First Premium"—only *Silver Medal* given for Limbs—was awarded the inventor at the New York Crystal Palace.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER,

oc16-1y 376 Chestnut St., Philada.

CHARLES OAKFORD & SON,

THE LEADING HATTERS of Philadelphia, offer Twelve different Fashions of Hats for Gentlemen, that all tastes may be suited. Every variety of Children's and Misses' Leghorn and Straw Hats and Caps trimmed in the most tasteful manner. We have great facilities in getting up Plain Hats for Friends' wear. The experience of our senior partner, in this particular branch, is a sufficient guarantee to all that may be disposed to patronise us. Our ruling motto is politeness and fair dealing, being desirous of pleasing all our patrons.

CHARLES OAKFORD & SON,

my1-tf No. 624 Chestnut St., below Seventh.

NEW BOOKS

AND

NEW EDITIONS,

FROM THE PRESS OF

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

I.

QUITS.—By the Baroness Tautphœus, authoress of The Initials. Complete, 2 vols. in one, 12mo.

II.

LILY WHITE, A Romance.—By Edward Goodwin, of Alabama. 1 vol. 12mo.

III.

HISTORY OF MINNESOTA.—From its earliest explorations under the French and British Governments to the present time. By Rev. Edw. Duffield Neill, Secretary of the Minnesota Historical Society. 1 vol. 8vo.

IV.

MUSTANG GRAY, A Romance.—By Hon. Jere. Clemens. 1 vol. 12mo.

V.

MANUAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY, Adapted to Amateur Practice. By Geo. B. Coale.

VI.

PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.—By H. C. Carey.

VII.

TEXAS; HER RESOURCES AND HER PUBLIC MEN.—By J. De Cordover. 1 vol. 12mo.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.,

my15-3t Publishers, Philadelphia.

RELIEF FOR HARD TIMES.

I WISH TO PROCURE AN AGENT, (either Lady or Gentleman) for every Town and County in the United States, to engage in a genteel business, by which from $100 to $200 per month can be realized. For particulars, address, with stamp, W. R. ACTON,

feb13-tf 41 N. 6th St., Philada.

EAR AND EYE.—The celebrated Dr. Liston, of London's Medicines and Instruments, for the cure of Ear and Eye diseases. *Under certain circumstances, success is guaranteed.*

Sole Agents for the United States and Canadas,

SCOTT, INWOOD & CO., New York.

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY—LOCAL AND TRAVELLING AGENTS, in a business which is sure to pay from $20

Wit and Humor.

TALE OF A MERMAID.

An incident was related the other day by an old sea captain, who swore to its authenticity in the most vehement manner. He was speaking of the famine which occurred some years ago in the Azores, and other neighboring islands, and in Madeira also, and of the straits to which the inhabitants were reduced for want of food.

"You see," said he, "I was laying off Funchal with a cargo of hardware—vine shears, cultivators and such like. I sailed the brig Skylark from New York. Well, our provisions gin out, and I calculated to lay in a supply at Funchal, but there wan't none there."

"What!" said we, "none?"

"No, none. The cattle had all died, consequently there warn't no beef; sheep had all died, and warn't no mutton; hogs all got the measles, so there warn't no pork; chickens all eaten up by foxes, so there warn't no fricassees."

"That's rather a dismal picture," was our reply; "how did the people procure food?"

"Food! well, they kind o' lived on yarbs and roots; stole mules—the only thing that didn't die—and eat them."

"How about fish—couldn't they take fish as usual?"

"Nary fish; the fish all went out o' them air latitudes. There warn't even sharks left, let alone anything worth catching."

"Why, that was strange."

"Yes; the only thing left in the harbor was mermaids, and they were nigh unto starvation, too."

"The what?" we asked in surprise.

"The mermaids! "Can't you hear?" yelled the captain, angry at even a hint of skepticism.

"What! do you believe there are such creatures as mermaids?"

"Do I believe it? No, I don't believe it; I *know* it! I reckon, stranger, I've seed a dozen of 'em at a time, a tumblin' in the surf like a lot of monkeys among the riggin'!"

"Indeed! and what do they feed upon?"

"Well, I reckon, principally fish. I've seen 'em catch herrin', stranger, and eat 'em up raw, as fast as a Dutch baby kin eat pickles."

"But how did they get along at the time you speak of?" we inquired, endeavoring to assume an appearance of credulity. "You said the fish had entirely disappeared."

"I did, and the poor mermaids suffered bad'y Why, one night, as I was comin' down from the town to the quay where the brig's boat was tied up, I seed a fire burning on the beach. I reckoned first it was a lot of drunken sailors makin' punch. Well, I bore up towards it, and what d'ye think it was?"

Of course we gave it up.

"Well, I'll tell you, and then you can see the state of starvation folks was in. Stranger," and here the captain pulled a solemn face. "it was a mermaid settin' over a fire, *cookin' her own tail for supper!*"

A DEPLORABLE DRUNKARD.—Some years ago, Congress numbered among its members several who were much given to a love of liquor, and were frequently seen about the streets of the metropolis "on a spree." Such conduct on the part of our law-makers didn't impress the outsiders with such an exalted opinion of M. C's as they once had, as the incident I am about to relate will show.

One hot, moonlight night, during a long session, a party of gentlemen, including several Members of Congress, were seated around the door of the house of a friend, trying to get cool, when an old toper, "all tattered and torn," known as Bill Scraggs, made his appearance in their midst, and asked for money to obtain a night's lodging and something to eat. The Hon. Mr. Wm., a very kind-hearted and respectable Member of the House, soon engaged Bill in conversation, and at once discovered that he was an educated man, and remarked to him:

"My friend, you appear to have seen better days; I would like to know something of your history."

Bill drew himself up, and, after a short pause, said:

"Sir, I *have* seen better days! My parents are well to-do, they gave me a good education and a profession, and, at one time, my prospects in life were as bright as any man's; but, alas! sir, in an evil hour I became addicted to drink, from that moment I have been going down, down, down, until I have become an outcast, a loafer—of no account—*fit for nothing on this earth but to be a Member of Congress!*"

YANKEE TRADE.—"I calculate I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day!" said a true specimen of a Yankee pedlar, at the door of a merchant in St. Louis. "I calculate you calculate about right, for you cannot," was the sneering reply. "Well, I guess you needn't get huffy about it. Now here's a dozen real genuine razor strops, worth two dollars and a half; you may have 'em at two dollars." "I tell you I don't want any of your trash, so you had better be going." "Well, now, I declare I'll bet you five dollars if you make me an offer for them are strops, we'll have trade yet." "Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited the like sum; when the merchant offered him a couple of cents for his strops. "They're yourn," said the Yankee, as he pocketed the stakes. But he added, with apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't want them strops I'll trade back." The merchant's countenance brightened as he replied—"You're not so bad a chap, after all. Here are the strops—give me the money." "There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops, and passed over the couple of cents. "A trade's a trade, and now you're wide awake in earnest. I guess the next time you trade you'll do a little better than to buy razor strops." And away he went with his strops and his wager, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.

☞ An eccentric party, of which *Jerrold* was one, agreed to have a supper of sheep's heads. One gentleman was particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish; and, as he threw down his knife and fork, exclaimed—"Well, sheep's heads forever, say I!"

Jerrold—"There's egotism!"

MRS. PARTINGTON'S VISIT TO THE "TAINTED FIELD."—"Did the guard present arms to you, Mrs. Partington?" asked a commissary, as he met her at the entrance of the marquee.

"You mean the century?" said she, smiling. "I have heard so much about the tainted field, that I believe I could deplore an attachment into line myself, and secure them as well as an officer. You asked me if the guard presented arms. He didn't, but a sweet little man with an epilepsy on his shoulder and a smile on his face, did, and asked me if I wouldn't go into a tent and smile. I told him that we could both smile as well outside, when he politely touched his chateau and left me."

The commissary presented a hard wooden stool upon which she reposed herself.

"This is one of the seats of war, I suppose?" said she. "Oh, what a hard lot a soldier is objected to! I don't wonder a mite at the hardening influence of a soldier's life. What is that for?" asked she, as the noise of a cannon saluted her ear. "I hope they ain't firing on my account." There was a solicitude in her tone as she spoke, and she was informed that it was only the Governor, who had just arrived upon the field. "Dear me!" said she, "how cruel it is to make the old gentleman come away down here, when he is so feeble he has to take his staff with him wherever he goes." She was so affected at the idea, that she had to take a few drops of white wine to restore her equilibrium, and to counteract the dust from the "tainted field."—*Boston Post.*

A RICH PUFF.—A manufacturer and vender of patent medicine recently wrote to a friend living out west, for a good strong recommendation of his (the manufacturer's) "Balsam." In a few days he received the following, which we call pretty strong:

"*Dear Sir:*—The land composing my farm had hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman could not get a living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them edgewise; but hearing of your Balsam, I put some on a ten acre lot surrounded by a railroad fence, and in the morning I found that the rock had entirely disappeared, a neat stone wall encircled the field, and the rails were split into oven wood, and piled up systematically in my back yard.

"I put half an ounce into the middle of a huckleberry swamp—in two days it was cleared off, planted with corn and pumpkins, and a row of peach trees in full blossom through the middle.

"As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest son out of a mill pond, drew a blister all over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, and eventually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars in a lottery."

A JOKING PARSON.—The Rev. Mr. Peters, of Tennessee, was preaching, and having a large gift of continuance, was somewhat protracted in his discourse. Several of his hearers left in the midst of the sermon. One young man was on his way to the door, when Mr. Peters pointed his long finger at him, and said:—

"Brethren, that young man has just as good right to go out as any one."

It is needless to say that he was the last deserter.

At another time, when Mr. Peters was preaching, a young man started to leave the house, and making some noise as he went, Mr. Peters paused and said:—

"I will finish my discourse when that young man gets out."

The fellow very coolly took his seat, and said:—

"Then it will be some time before you get through."

The preacher, however, was up to him; and remarking, "a bad promise is better broken than kept," went on with his sermon.

THE POLITICIAN'S SUBSTITUTE.—When Colonel F——— was a candidate for Congress, in one of the North Western States, he was opposed by a gentleman who had distinguished himself in the war of 1812. Discovering, in the course of the canvass, that his opponent's military reputation was operating strongly to his own prejudice, he concluded to let the people know that he was not unknown to fame as a soldier himself; and accordingly, in his next speech, he expatiated on his achievements in the tented field as follows:—

"My competitor has told you of the services he rendered the country in the last war. Let me tell you that I, too, acted an humble part in that memorable contest. When the tocsin of war summoned the chivalry of the West to rally to the defence of the national honor, I, fellow citizens, animated by that patriotic spirit which glows in every American bosom, *hired a substitute for that war, and the bones of that man now lie bleaching on the banks of the Raisin!*"

KO WASHINGTON.—A friend of ours tells the following story of himself: When young, he had read the well-known story of George Washington's love of truth, and the father's love of the noble principle of his son, so well manifested on the occasion referred to, of George's cutting down the cherry tree, acknowledging his transgression, and receiving a full and free pardon, besides praises and kind caresses from his father. So Jim, actuated by so noble an example, thought he would try the experiment on. He supplied himself with a hatchet, and going into his father's orchard, cut down some choice fruit trees. He then coolly sat down to await the old man's coming, and as soon as he made his appearance, marched up to him with a very important air, and acknowledged the deed, expecting the next thing on the programme to be tears, benediction, and embraces from the offended parent. But sad to relate, instead of this, the old gentleman caught up a hickory and gave him an "all-fired lamming." Jim was no Washington.

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF HISTORY.—During the confinement of Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France, by the Jacobins of Paris, she was deprived of the use of the cosmetics with which she was wont to give the raven hue to her naturally silvery locks; and history, in describing her execution, represents her hair as changing from a jet black to a gray color through the mental anguish she experienced.

THE GREAT TOBACCO CONTROVERSY.

CLARA (emphatically).—"I don't care what you say, Frank—I shall always think it a *nasty, odious, dirty, filthy, disgusting*, and *most objectionable* habit!"

FRANK (who is just preparing to light a *moderately* good-sized segar).—"Haw! Now I'm really surprised, Clara, to hear such a clever girl as you are running down smoking in such strong language—for it's admitted by all sensible people, you know, that it's the *abuse of tobacco* that's wrong!" [Clara glances at the huge segar, but says nothing further.]

Agricultural.

A CHAPTER FOR THE SEASON
ON PRUNING.

This operation is practiced for various purposes, principally the following: Promoting growth and bulk; lessening bulk; modifying form; promoting the formation of blossom-buds; enlarging fruit; adjusting the stem and branches to the roots; renewal of decayed plants or trees; and the removal or cure of diseases. It proceeds upon the physiological principle that if you remove a portion of the tree the remaining portion will be favorably affected by it. The particular mode of the operation, and the time, will depend upon the object had in view.

Pruning, to promote the growth of the tree, is the simplest and first object, and is performed by the removal of all the weaker laterals, that the sap destined for their nourishment may be thrown into the stronger ones. The shortening in method proceeds on the same principle, cutting out the weaker twigs and removing from one fourth to one-third of the former year's growth.

Pruning, for lessening bulk, is chiefly employed by nurserymen, to keep unsold trees of saleable size, and is performed by *heading down.*

Pruning, for giving form to the tree.—Every tree has a type or form of its own, and every species and variety of species has also its typical structure and form. These natural forms should ever be consulted and kept in the eye of the gardener or cultivator, it being seldom desirable to alter these essentially by pruning, but to modify and promote, as far as possible, the natural symmetry. In such case superfluous branches are to be cut off, and those that would tend to mar the regularity of form, either removed entirely or brought into shape.

In pruning, to form standards, the first thing, upon receiving your trees from the nursery, is, to decide whether you will cultivate with a tall or short stem; and the next, how you would form or modify its head remembering constantly that whatever shape it has a tendency to assume, that shape must not be counteracted by the pruner.

The points of the external branches—especially for standard trees—should everywhere be rendered thin and pervious to the light, so that the internal parts of the tree may not be wholly shaded by the external; the light should readily pervade the top. Large branches should rarely be lopped off, disturbing, as it does, the balance of the flow of sap and causing a wilderness of water-spouts to take their place, thus leaving scars not readily healed, often causing the speedy decay of the tree. When such pruning is found necessary, from previous neglect to prune, the cut—which must be made as smooth as possible—should be covered with composition, such as is used in grafting, to keep out the water.* When the pruner has judiciously executed his work, by taking out all weak and crowded branches, and removed a due proportion of the former year's growth, as directed, every part of the tree, internal as well as external, will be productive of fruit.

Pruning, to promote the formation of blossom-buds, depends much on the nature of the tree. The peach, for example, produces its blossom on the preceding year's wood; consequently, in pruning the peach, your object must be to have a regular distribution of the young wood over every part of it. This nature adjusts better than art, and all the pruner can do is to observe in his pruning nature's developments, and act accordingly.

In the present enfeebled condition of the peach, from the attack of the worm, it should be shortened-in yearly from one third to one-half of its new wood, in order to give vigor and fruitfulness.

In apples, pears, plums, cherries and quinces, the blossoms are chiefly produced on short protuberances or spurs, formed along the sides of the shoots. In these, to promote healthy fruiting, it is necessary to cut out the weaker branches, and often to shorten the extremities of the stronger.

Pruning, for adjusting the stem and branches to the root, is applicable chiefly to transplanted trees, and is an important and essential operation. If the roots have been broken or bruised, the extent of the injury is to be estimated, and in this particular no directions can be given that will be available to the inexperienced.—Consequently such must, for a time, perform this operation under instructions. The problem before the pruner may be thus mathematically stated: As the whole quantity of roots, which the tree had before removal, is to the whole quantity of branches which it now has or had; so is the quantity of roots, which it now has, to the quantity of top which it ought to have. In general, bearing wood and weak shoots should be removed; and the stronger lateral and upright shoots, with leaf or shoot-eyes, left.

Pruning, for the removal of disease, must proceed upon a different principle. Here it may be necessary to remove whole branches, the entire head, single shoots, or merely the diseased spot in the bark or wood. Care should be taken to ascertain the full extent of the injury or disease, and amputation be directed accordingly.

As to root pruning, we have but little to say. Doubtless the pruning-knife could here often be employed to good effect, especially where the roots are diseased; and the laying bare the stem of a tree as low as where the roots project, removing the roots and suckers formed thereon, is a most sanitary measure.

Root-pruning often proves efficacious to early fruiting.

The seasons for pruning trees, are generally winter and midsummer. There is quite a contrariety of view on this subject, some preferring the winter, others the spring, early or late. Mostly those who advocate spring pruning, recommend following the order of vegetation of the different species and varieties. According to this principle, the first pruning of fruit-trees begins in February, with the apricot and peach, afterward, plum and pear, then the cherry, and lastly the apple, the sap of which is later in motion.

We would recommend for all the operations of pruning, as the best period, that immediately before, or commensurate with, the rising of the sap, thereby avoiding the drying of that portion of the wood close to the part cut, as well as the granulous matter between the bark and wood, which is necessary to the wound healing speedily.

Summer-pruning consists in pinching the extremities and the rubbing off of buds soon after the leaves are developed, to be continued during the summer, and to a certain extent is guided the same general rules before stated. Summer-pruning is chiefly applicable to fruit-trees, and when wisely conducted, will not extend farther than may be necessary for a proper equilibrium among the branches, thus preventing gourmands and water-shoots from robbing the fruit of due nourishment.

Root-pruning should be performed in autumn or winter. This whole subject is one requiring, in its skillful execution, judgment and experience—and we see, wherever we turn, the sad effects of injudicious pruning. Ignorant cultivators frequently weaken the energies of young trees, causing them to grow up with lean and slender stems, by injudiciously trimming off the young side-shoots and leaves in the growing season. By taking off these shoots, the stem is deprived of all the leaves which would attract and elaborate the sap, thus preparing nourishment for the growth of the stem; under such circumstances the trunk of the tree will not increase in size half so fast as when the side branches are allowed to remain. Another capital error we see practiced, is when an orchard has been long neglected, to lop away half or two-thirds the top in a single year, thus producing a surfeit, and filling the tree with sprouts which, after two or three times removal, leaves you to mourn over a moss-covered and decayed top, fit only for the brush-heap.

HOG CHOLERA, OR ERYSIPELAS.—In view of the results of some experiments which have been made in this State on hogs, and in Europe on cattle, we would advise farmers, on the first appearance of the disease, to make use of muriatic acid, arsenic, or the sulphate of iron as a preventive. Of the muriatic acid, a full grown hog should get about fifteen drops, largely diluted with water, daily; or one-twentieth of a grain of arsenic twice a day; or five grains of the sulphate of iron twice a day. These means, with careful and distant separation of the diseased from the healthy animals (an imperative duty) have proved very serviceable in preventing the spread of murrain in cattle and, so far as they have been tried, equally efficacious in arresting the epidemic among hogs.—*Louisville Journal.*

* A good composition for wounds in pruning is made as follows: Take a quart of alcohol, and dissolve it in as much gum shellac as will make a liquid of the consistency of paint; apply with a common painter's brush.

THE CUT WORM.—Last year I had a field of corn much injured by their depredations, and tried this experiment. I obtained a number of pieces of the common cider, about a foot long, and distributed them over the field two or three yards apart in every third row. On examining the cider branches every morning, I found numbers of worms collected under them; in some instances as many as fifteen or twenty; when they were easily destroyed. The cider seemed to have the property of attracting them." As this is a simple remedy, and the time is now at hand for planting corn, it is worthy a trial.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

TO CONVERT BONES INTO MANURE.—First break the bones as finely as you can. Then it can be done by covering them six or eight inches thick with unleached ashes, but the process will be a slow one. Take one part sulphuric acid, and *five* parts water, and mix the bones with it. If it does not form a sort of paste in a few days, add a little more acid. The acid is an excellent manure, and costs about three cents a pound, and is a liquid dangerous to handle, and must be used with care. —*N. E. Farmer.*

BLACKBIRDS, CROWS, &c.—Put a bushel of corn in a basket; pour a pailful of hot water on it—let it drain off, then take your tar paddle out of the tar and wipe of all you can conveniently, and stir the hot corn. Mix a small quantity of plaster—enough to dry the corn—and that is sufficient. Too much tar has often spoiled the seed to my knowledge, and the least possible amount is sufficient. Crows do not like it.

Useful Receipts.

THE HAIR.—It is a great mistake to plait the hair of children under eleven or twelve years of age. The process of plaiting more or less strains the hairs in their roots by pulling them tight; tends to deprive them of their requisite supply of nutriment; and checks their growth. The hair of girls should be cut rather short, and allowed to curl freely. When they are about eleven or twelve, the hair should be twisted into a coil, not too tight, nor tied at the end with thin thread, but with a piece of ribbon.

TO COLOR BLUE ON COTTON.—For 5 pounds of cloth take 2 ounces of copperas; put it in water sufficient to cover the cloth; keep it scalding hot two hours; take out the cloth; turn out the copperas water; rinse the kettle; put 1 ounce of prussiate of potash in soft water; when dissolved, put in the cloth; let it lie two hours; then take out the cloth and add 1 spoonful of oil of vitriol; stir it well; then again put in the cloth; let it lie a few minutes; take it out; rinse thoroughly in cold water.—*Rural New Yorker.*

HOW TO HOLD A SICK PERSON.—Never grasp him, or support any part of the body with the tips of your fingers, but with the whole breadth of your hand laid smoothly on the skin. If you use the finger-ends for holding any weight, they will press and dig into the patient's flesh, causing him great discomfort, particularly if the part be at all inflamed; but if your whole hand, with the fingers a little spread out, divide the weight over its surface, no discomfort, or as little as possible, is produced.—*Barwell.*

TO PREVENT CANDLES GUTTERING.—A scientific correspondent informs us that by using the frustrum of a cone of wire gauze or perforated metal on the shoulder of a candle, it will keep the candle from flickering and the grease from guttering.

BROKEN WIND OR HEAVES.—I will give my experience for what it may be worth. Some years ago I had a horse which had the heaves very badly. I fed him cut straw and meal wet. I put with his feed a lump of mutton tallow the size of a hen's egg, to each meal, until I fed about 15 pounds. I knew him three or four years after the cure, but heard of no more heaves from him.—*Country Gentleman.*

LICE ON CALVES.—There are many remedies for vermin on calves, such as tobacco, snuff, old grease, and the like. They may like to chew as well as some others, or sneeze and have a little grease to make it go off easy. I have more confidence in a little sulphur occasionally in their meal. But the one I am going to give you is neither of these. A number of years ago I had a yearling that grew poor, and I could not help it. Its breathing became so loud that it could be heard several rods. I thought it would die. One of my neighbors told me he had heard that sour butter-milk was good. I procured some, and washed it from head to foot, and in three days his breathing was very regular, and he was as smart as need be. I had no more trouble with him.—*Rural New Yorker.*

WOMEN'S WORK IN THE HOMERIC AGE.—Taking the general evidence of the poems, it stands thus, says Mr. Gladstone in his "Studies of Homer"—Of agricultural operations, we find women sharing only in the lighter labors of the vintage; or, perhaps acting as shepherdesses. The men plough, sow, reap, tend cattle and live stock generally; they hunt and they fish; and they carry to the farm the manure that is accumulated about the house. Within doors the women seem to have the whole duty in their hands, except the preparation of firewood and of animal food. The men kill, cut up, dress and carve the animals that are to be eaten. The women, on the other hand, spin, weave, wash the clothes, clean the house, grind the corn, bake the bread and serve it, with all the vegetable or mixed food, or what may be called made dishes. They also prepare the table, and hand the ewer with the basin for washing. And a portion of them act as immediate attendants to the mistress of the palace. Andromache, Penelope or Helen. Thus far all is easy and becoming; but an apparent difficulty confronts us when we find that it was the usage for women to undertake certain duties connected with the bathing of men. Sometimes this was done by servants; thus it was managed for Telemachus and Pisistratus in the palace of Menelaus, and for Ulysses in that of the Phœacian King. On the other hand, it was sometimes an office of hospitality rendered by women, and even by young damsels, of the highest rank, to distinguish strangers of their own age or otherwise. Polycaste, the young and fair daughter of Nestor, (as the text is commonly interpreted), bathed and anointed Telemachus, and put on him a cloak and vest.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 12, 2, 3, 37, 25, was one of the harpies.
My 28, 5, 36, 3, 27, 30, was the god of music.
My 5, 23, 32, was the god of shepherds.
My 14, 16, 18, was the daughter of Cadmus and Hermione.
My 1, 12, 24, 35, 36, 16, was the youngest of the Titans.
My 16, 7, 5, 13, 35, 32, 37, was the ruler of the sea.
My 8, 9, 19, 20, 21, is a river in the infernal regions.
My 5, 6, 30, 25, 30, 10, 5, 17, 32, 7, was the queen of Plato.
My 23, 34, 14, 18, was the goddess of the rainbow.
My 31, 7, 29, signifies scarce.
My 4, 23, 22, 26, 20, is an ordinal adjective.
My whole is a common adage.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.

My 1, 16, 9, 4, is a bird that sings sweetly.
My 1, 16, 7, 35, 11, 6, 18, 18, 34, was a celebrated French general.
My 1, 20, 3, 21, is a wild animal.
My 18, 9, 3, 31, 16, is a fish.
My 2, 21, 20, 3, 21, is a river in Vermont.
My 21, 20, 14, 15, is a river in Egypt.
My 5, 3, 32, 18, 26, 21, is a city in the United States
My 32, 21, 16, 20, 14, is always found at home.
My 33, 20, 21, 6, is the name of a tree.
My 9, 16, 20, 21, is what we have in summer.
My 21, 3, 9, 18, 19, 16, 12, 1, 15, is what some people are trying to find, but in vain.
If my whole was practiced more it would save a great deal of trouble. L. D

Vermont.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When the wailing sound
Of wintry blasts we hear,
And the rivers are bound
With crystals clear,
With some a pleasure 'tis thought to be
To ride o'er my *first* the country to see.

Though the ocean is deep
With its billowy waves,
Where many do sleep
In their watery graves,
Yet all waters are generally reckoned
To be composed of those like my *second*.

In the warm and sunny days
Of sweet and balmy Spring,
When birds warble songs of praise,
And the bee is on the wing,
'Tis then my *whole* is very often seen,
Peeping out from its bed of green.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Once upon a winter evening, just about the hour of seven,
As I stood upon the door-step, where I'd often stood before—
Suddenly I heard a crying, and the people 'round were flying,
As if every one were trying—trying who should do the more
To prevent my first's increasing, with its devastating roar;
May it happen nevermore.

As I stood intently gazing on the pile before me blazing,
Then I heard a sound uprising I had heard in days of yore;
"'Tis my second's iron hammer that awakes this awful clamor."
Thus I spoke as I grew calmer—calmer, cooler than before.
Add my first unto my second, if you would my whole explore;
Only this, and nothing more.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first I will call a low buzzing sound,
My second to old beds oft creeps in;
And duped by my *whole* it often is found
That very many have been.

Providence, R. I. SYUGGIE.

ANAGRAMS

On the Names of Cities.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY G. AND R. PEMBERTON.

Boil me.	Saul tp.
Hang alley.	Wren Saleem.
Dear Gin.	Lamobrelt.
Lift mercy oil.	Coic hag.
Tomas Crena.	Last rouge.
Den mac.	Pt alt grub.
Rachel ston.	Canal sert.

MENTAL ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Little Samuel, being a very smart lad, his three uncles, Adam, Benjamin, and Casper, proposed one day a reward to him, providing he could solve the same mentally: Adam would give him 6 cents; Benjamin would give him as much as Adam, and half as much as Casper, and 6 cents more; and Casper would give him as much as Adam and Benjamin both, and 6 cents more. What did each of the uncles propose to give, and how much did Samuel receive after he had solved the question?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotsersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ "Why is the letter *d* like a ring?" asked a young lady of her lover, who was as dull as the generality of his sex in such a situation. Ans.—"Because," added the damsel, with a modest look, "because *we* can't be *wed* without it."

☞ With what musical instrument would you catch a fish? Ans.—Castanet.

☞ Which are the laziest fish in the sea? Ans.—Oysters, because they are always found lying in beds.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—The First Continental Congress. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—To love our parents, succor each other, and to defend our country. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Old fashioned honest farmers. CHARADE—Morning-glory. CHARADE—Roseate (Rose-ate) CHARADE—Carmine. ANAGRAMS—Rahun, Stewart, Tama, Sonora, Utah, Taos, Dane MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—Radius of smaller circle 13,2232 rods; radius of larger circle, 19,8348 rods.